

FIFTY CENTS

MAY 22, 1972

TIME

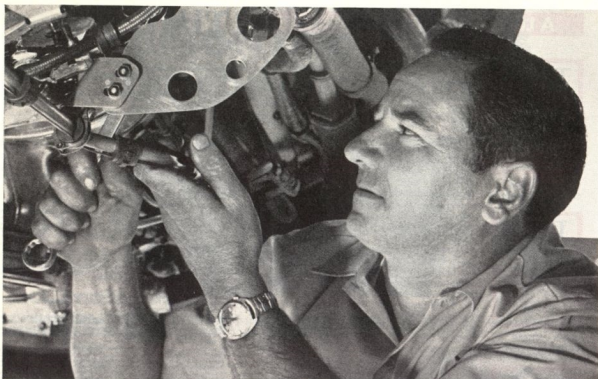
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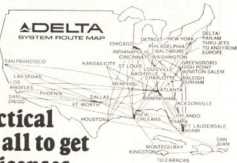
17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 71.

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Delta is an air line run by professionals. Like Royce Stephens, line mechanic.

He studied over 100 complex subjects. Took oral, written and practical exams for 4 years. And passed them all to get his FAA Aircraft and Power Plant licenses. Has over 14 years with Delta, knows jets inside and out. He's got a good mind. To go with a good pair of hands. Delta is ready when you are.



Delta's mammoth \$23 million 747. Seats 370 in a cabin built for 490. Upper deck lounge area and private penthouse. More than a dozen stewardesses

Henry Lane *ms*



CHISHOLM (LINDA
BARNES, 8TH GRADE)



NIXON (RICHARD
CONSENTINO, 8TH)



ASTRONAUTS (SUE



HUGHES (CHARLES

Local loyalties were an important factor, and the most popular nonpolitical Man of the Year was Bob Devaney, coach of the University of Nebraska's championship football team. He taught his team to play football the right way," explained one second-grade gridiron fan. Another contender not in public office was John Wayne ("He is one of the few actors who has not appeared on the screen in his birthday suit. As a minor I protest against all these R and X movies"). There was even evidence of Women's Lib on the grammar school level. A fifth-grader drew Gloria Steinem "because she made me feel proud that I am a woman." Another girl, three years younger, was even more certain of women's rightful status. Her choice? God, wearing a maxi dress.

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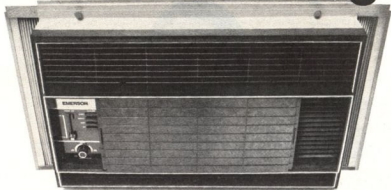
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The Cover: Aerial photograph of Haiphong Harbor by the Associated Press.

Emerson unconfuses air conditioning



We believe that facts make customers. For us.

To a lot of people today, air conditioning is still a mystery. Some have never found satisfactory answers to their questions. Others don't even know the basic functions of an air conditioner—cooling, dehumidifying, circulating, and cleaning or filtering.

The fact is, you don't have to be a technical genius to pick out the right air conditioner. Or a master mechanic to put it to work. And Emerson Quiet Kool is here to prove it.

How much cooling?

Air conditioner cooling capacity is rated in BTU (British Thermal Units) per hour.

Unless you're an engineer, you're probably not equipped to figure out how many of these BTU you need. But your Emerson Quiet Kool dealer is. He has a comfort guide that can help you buy an air conditioner that won't undercool your room or overcool it. Give him your room dimensions, and tell him about your draperies, window exposures, appliances and lights—and whether your room is used mostly by day or night. You'll get a unit with the necessary capacity for the space you need to cool.

Installing your unit.



Once you've determined the capacity you need, how do you get your air conditioner installed?

Some people think it takes a crew of muscular men and a large crane. But with an Emerson Quiet Kool, you and one other person should be able to do it handily. Without knocking holes in your wall or glass from your window.

Keeping it clean.



All air conditioner manufacturers tell you to keep your filter clean. Because a clean filter helps the unit operate at normal cooling efficiency.

Unfortunately, in a lot of units, the filter is in an inaccessible position and difficult to remove.

With most Emerson Quiet Kool models, there's nothing to stand in your way. The filter simply slides right out. And once you've washed the filter in warm water and detergent, you simply slide it back where it came from.

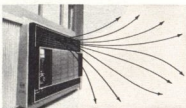
High efficiency or normal?

The greater the efficiency of your air conditioner, the less electricity it takes to run it. You can determine this efficiency by simply dividing your unit's BTU capacity by the number of watts stated on the nameplate. The higher the resulting number, the more efficient your unit will be.

There are 10 Emerson Quiet Kool models with efficiency ratings higher than 8.5 BTU per watt. And that means

10 models that give you a lot of cooling on a lot less electricity.

Cool air everywhere.



One thing you don't want your air conditioner to do is blow right on you. It's not only drafty, it's also downright annoying.

That's why we've equipped 11 Quiet Kool models with what we call Air Wave. It operates simultaneously with the air conditioner fan to vary the direction of the air flow. So the room doesn't get too cool in one spot and too warm in another.

At Emerson, we firmly believe that facts make customers. Which is why we've published a booklet on "How to Buy an Air Conditioner If You Don't Know a BTU From an AMP."

You can pick up a copy free at your Emerson dealer. Or send us the coupon with 25¢ to cover postage and handling.

Emerson Quiet Kool
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Please send me a copy of "How to Buy an Air Conditioner If You Don't Know a BTU From an AMP." Enclosed is 25¢ to cover postage and handling.

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Samsonite invents the carry-on that carries all.



Case III

It's a combination hanging suit bag, briefcase, and 1-suitcase. Which makes up one handsome carry-on called Case III. We designed it mainly for airline travelers, but naturally, the system works in a car, too.

Aboard a plane, you can hang the suit bag in the closet, take out the briefcase so you can work, and slide the basic bag under your seat. It's as simple as one, two, three.

Case III and its components are coordinated in Oxford Grey, Deep Olive, or Jet Black, in rich long-wearing vinyl. The set goes for \$65.

See your Samsonite® dealer soon and ask about Case III. It's the nicest thing to happen to a traveling man in a long time.

We make travel a little easier.

LETTERS

Who's Who for Whom

Sir / I'm all choked up about that list of "A Show Business Who's Who for Whom" [May 1]. Of all the inanities! What am I supposed to do with this helpful guide to picking a candidate? Do I look at McGovern's list, note that it is longer, and vote for him because he has more show-biz appeal? Am I supposed to see that Cyd Charisse, whose legs I admire, is for Nixon, and opt for him on that basis? Is Ed Muskie my man because "Little Caesar" is his? Do I pass up Hubert Humphrey because I am not turned on by Percy Faith's music?

I guess that the electorate gets what it deserves but your publication of such a list doesn't help raise the level of campaigning.

RICHARD F. BURNS
North Wilbraham, Mass.

Sir / Someone has made a terrible mistake! That wasn't the list of show-business supporters of Richard Nixon. Not that collection of forgotten Hollywood has-beens.

Somebody crossed you up. What you printed is actually the complete cast of *Broadway Melody of 1938*!

ROBERT A. JURAN
San Diego

Sir / George McGovern certainly has an impressive field of celebrities backing him. It is too bad for him that President Nixon has the backing of millions of less impressive working Americans.

JAMES STAFFORD
Fort Smith, Ark.

Jews in Russia

Sir / In your article "The Jews" [April 10] you say, "Some critics have felt that in pressuring Moscow to allow Jews to emigrate to Israel... a privilege of free movement is being sought for Russian Jews that no other citizens enjoy." Certainly the Soviet government unjustifiably denies all its citizens the rights of free movement. But your readers should understand the difference between the situation of Jews and of non-Jews in the Soviet Union. That difference entitles Jews to claim the right to emigrate.

The Soviet Jew lives in a country where the newspapers, magazines and broadcasting service daily cast sickening aspersions on Jewish people, Jewish traditions and Jewish religion. (To cite a recent example, a Moscow radio commentator, speaking about expulsion of Israelis from Uganda, claimed that Israelis had robbed Uganda in the same way that their ancestors had robbed trustful Egyptians.) Here recognition of Jewish nationality exists merely as an entry in a passport.

Moreover, today young Jews are finding it increasingly difficult, sometimes impossible, to get decent jobs. And this year the quota for students has again been reduced—instead of 2% at Moscow University, it is now 1%. And just recently, on the first evening of Passover, Jews who gathered outside the Moscow Synagogue after the service were violently dispersed and beaten by police.

Also, in seeking the right to emigrate, many Soviet Jews feel they are helping in the wider issue of human rights for all Soviet citizens.

VITALI RUBIN
Moscow

Beyond Redemption?

Sir / In the article "Proportions of War" [May 1], you describe Viet Nam as having "long since reached the point that no future—win, lose or stalemate—can redeem the present." I

agree. As for America, no future will redeem its past, but we can hope that the future is what the present ought to be.

L. LAMONT WILTS JR.
Long Beach, Calif.

Sir / The trouble with Richard Nixon is that he stubbornly remains a cold warrior in a world that has drastically changed. It may well sink him as it sank Lyndon Johnson. Such is the price of rigidity and lack of vision.

JACQUELINE PELLATON
Princeton, N.J.

Sir / As one who has felt for a long time that we should get out of Nam but leave it able to defend itself, I resent the hypocrisy of the North Viet Nam "peacemakers," who harangue us at the peace table and attack when we withdraw.

What we should do is give North Viet Nam 48 hours to withdraw to the DMZ or suffer the complete destruction of its industry in all its cities by saturation bombing.

GEORGE R. CLIPNER
Kansas City, Kans.

Sir / I agree with the position President Nixon took on the invasion of South Viet Nam by the North Vietnamese. There was no other decision to be made but to bomb the Hanoi-Haiphong area instead of the U.S. sending troops to push them back into North Viet Nam.

JOE JURKENS
Albuquerque

Sir / Who is the U.S. trying to kid?

If your country was as powerful as you Americans claim, then you would not have taken any notice of demonstrations at home and abroad. The U.S. should have seen this business through to victory. My grandfather was a cannibal, my father is a gardener and I am a member of the first generation of educated New

Guineans. If a person like me can analyze your grave blunders, just imagine the image of today's U.S. in other peoples' minds.

People of the U.S., please, please change your methods, change your attitudes and get back on top before we all perish with you.

WISARAMBU KAIWANATU
Wau
Territory of Papua and New Guinea

Sir / TIME quotes Americans in Viet Nam as saying, "If things get too bad, we'll just bomb the hell out of them," then labels as "impassioned overreaction" Anthony Lewis' statement that "the U.S. is the most dangerous and destructive power in the world."

If the U.S. doesn't hold first place in that category, just who in hell does?

HERBERT R. COURSEN JR.
Brunswick, Me.

Important Ally

Sir / TIME has painted a totally unfair and wrong picture of my colleague and friend Harry Dent in the May 1 piece entitled "Dirty Harry."

As a black in the Administration, I can tell you that Harry Dent has been in the forefront of opening Republican Party organizations to blacks, has played a major role in the recruitment of blacks for top-level jobs in this Administration, and has led the way in seeing to it that the resources of the Government are equally shared by all Americans. In fact, Harry has long been considered by black Nixon appointees as an important ally and supporter.

ROBERT J. BROWN
Special Assistant
to the President
The White House
Washington, D.C.

What Monsters?

Sir / With absorbing interest and deepening wonder, I read your story of ITT [May 1]. It left me with a creeping sensation of fear. What dedication to the almighty dollar! What price success? What monsters possess us? I can now better appreciate the revolt of young people against the Establishment.

MATTHEW A. VANCE
Dexter, Me.

Sir / Could Mr. Geneen hold his next management meeting at my home in Puerto Rico, where ITT owns the telephone company? They might then solve the difficult problem of repairing my telephone, which has been out of order since December.

T.F. GEARY
Rio Piedras, P.R.

Sir / In your article about ITT, you state that I took part in a meeting with Connecticut Insurance Commissioner William Cotter, Mr. Geneen, local politicians, and others prior to Mr. Cotter's approval of the acquisition of Hartford Fire by ITT.

This is to tell you that I have never attended any meetings with Commissioner Cotter in Hartford or any other place. I have never met Commissioner Cotter, and, to my knowledge, I have never met any Hartford politicians in Hartford or anywhere else.

FELING ROHATYN

New York City
■ TIME erred in placing ITT Director Rohatyn at the Hartford meeting.

Voice of a Ghost

Sir / I can't tell you how much the article on the death of Hiram Scott College [May 1] touched me. You see, I am one of the "ghosts." I can remember the times we used to joke

MOVING?

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LETTERS

about the buildings being designed like motels so that they could be sold easily if the school ever went bankrupt. But no one thought they would be.

H.S.C. was more than a school. It was a whole philosophy of life. It gave us a chance not only to get an unconventional education but to challenge and experience life. It was a synthesis of human beings who cared. The college will continue as long as its students are alive and living its philosophy.

SANDI SCHRADER
Tyrone, Pa.

Sir / The article on Hiram Scott College may have given your readers the erroneous impression that Parsons College is still an unaccredited college headed by Millard Roberts. Parsons was reaccredited in 1970, and Dr. Roberts has not been president since 1967.

Parsons College has survived the Roberts-created satellites because it has abandoned the Roberts method of operation. It has diversified its curriculum, added innovative new subjects (for example, aviation administration), reduced unnecessary expenditures, and received consultation from experts in college management.

ROGER A. LUND
Chairman, Board of Trustees
Parsons College
Fairfield, Iowa

Boohooing with Eliza

Sir / "Ah-ah-ah-ow-ow-ow-oo!" Eliza Doolittle might cry out upon reading your reviewer's statement [May 1] that "there is not a . . . genuinely appealing . . . female character in all of [Shaw's] plays." A few million of her admirers, who have found her vastly appealing, might join in her "detestable boohooing," as Henry Higgins called it.

Having savored the adulation of these millions through the years, Eliza (never at a loss for words) might say of the reviewer what she first said of Higgins himself: "He's off his chump, he is."

(THE REV.) E.J. MATTIMOE, S.J.
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

Sir / C-plus actress indeed! Ingrid Bergman's appearances on stage and screen have always elicited the highest praise from important critics and audiences alike.

TIME Critic Kalem's condescending review of Miss Bergman's deliciously droll performance as Lady Cicely Wayne in Shaw's *Captain Brassbound's Conversion* inadvertently provides a fine evaluation of Kalem himself—a D-minus critical writing for a C-plus magazine.

CHARLES ENGEL
Philadelphia

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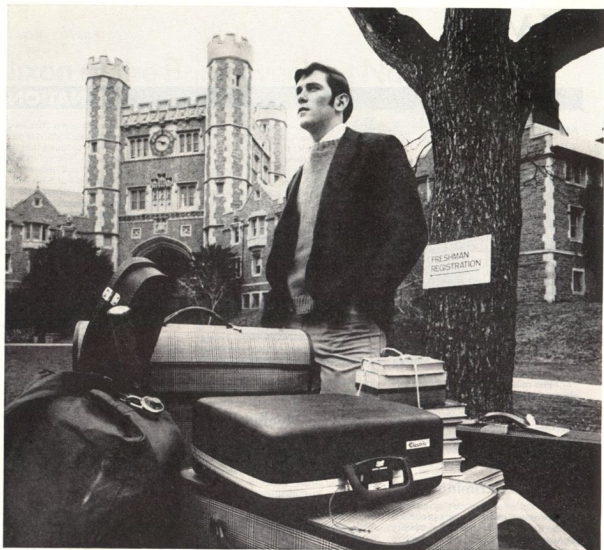
It's something in between. A neat little machine that handles like a sports car, goes like a bat and comes with an economy

price that includes a lot of extras as standard equipment. Reclining buckets, tinted glass, whitewalls and nylon carpeting to name a few. Add to that an engine that delivers around 30 miles per gallon. It's a powerful combination at any price.

Drive a Datsun...then decide.



FROM NISSAN WITH PRIDE



Smith-Corona: the graduation gift to help make sure there's another graduation.

Congratulations.

It's not every day your son becomes a Freshman in college.

You know, of course, the work is going to get a lot tougher.

Which is why a Smith-Corona makes an ideal graduation gift—it can help with school.

Take spelling. (A typed word that's misspelled just begs to be corrected.)

Our electric portable can save time, too. (A student can learn to type twice as fast as he can write by hand.)

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This can all add up to Organization. And with the right amount of appli-

cation and ability, you can look forward to the next graduation.

But why Smith-Corona?

Because all typewriters are not the same, that's why.

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We think we make better students.
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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Mother of the Year

It has been decades since Mrs. Esther Hunt Moore of Hickory, N.C., has been actively engaged in rearing her three children. Nonetheless, her devotion to the young has continued unabated through most of her 75 years. An elementary school teacher for 40 years, she was the first black woman to register to vote in her county. After her children had graduated from college, she went on to earn her master's degree from Columbia University at age 64 and to teach mentally retarded children. Last week the American Mothers Committee named Mrs. Moore, a widow, Mother of the Year. She is the second black to receive the award since it was initiated 37 years ago. Mrs. Moore's reaction: "Hallelujah!"

"The reason I feel humbly proud," she said at a luncheon in her honor at Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria hotel last week, "is that my immediate family were descendants of slaves. They were actually the persons who instilled faith, faith in God. They believed faith could remove any obstacle to success."

Reverse Discrimination

The outline of the case was the same as hundreds of others that are processed by the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission: worker says boss gives preferential treatment to fellow worker, charges job discrimination based on sex

and race. The details, however, were unusual. First, the complaining worker was a white male, the boss a white female and the fellow worker a black female. Second, the employer named in the complaint was the EEOC itself.

Allen Sachsels, a commission attorney, claimed that his supervisor, Evangeline Swift, treated a black female lawyer as second-in-command even though he had seniority in the same civil service grade. Swift swiftly fired him. When Sachsels took the case to court, the EEOC accused him of, among other things, causing a morale problem. Last week a spirit of equal opportunity prevailed and both sides dropped charges. Who won? Well, Sachsels is moving on to another job where, coincidentally of course, his boss is a white male. Though the court ruled that he is owed the 40 hours' leave he used to prepare his case, there was no clear victory for either side. As they say at EEOC, chalk up another blow for brotherhood.

Security in Numbers

Americans feeling dehumanized by having their names replaced by numbers can take heart. They too can play the numbers game—and all in the name of law and order. Police in Scarsdale, N.Y., have just instituted an anti-burglary campaign called Project Theft Guard in which residents may borrow an electric engraving pen and etch their Social Security numbers on such stealable items as TV sets, record players, typewriters, jewelry and bicycles. The

home owners are also given stickers declaring THIS HOUSE HAS JOINED PROJECT THEFT GUARD to paste on their front and back doors. The safety measures, say police, will not only act as a deterrent to burglars but also aid in the identification of stolen goods and make them more difficult to sell. The practice of engraving identification numbers originated in Monterey Park, Calif., and has since been adopted in more than 150 U.S. communities. In Monterey Park, at least, the results have been dramatic: over a given period, 6,000 nonparticipating homes were burglarized a total of 2,000 times while 5,000 participating homes were hit only 20 times.

Meanwhile, back in the city, parents alarmed about the increasing number of muggings of schoolchildren on Manhattan's Upper East Side have formed a vigilante group to patrol the streets. The climate of terror suggests that, taking their lead from their neighbors in Scarsdale, the vigilantes may find that the best way to stamp out mugging is to stamp the muggers, possibly across the forehead, so that victims can tell police: "I was just mugged by 056-28-9964!"

Point of Order

For many Americans, the memory of Senator Joseph McCarthy cannot fade fast enough. In his native Wisconsin, though, a loyal few meet each spring in fond remembrance of the good old days. The 15th anniversary of McCarthy's death was marked last week with a Requiem High Mass in Milwaukee followed by a graveside service and a luncheon in Appleton the next day. About 40 members of the Joseph McCarthy Foundation gathered to hear the Rev. Raymond Vint avow that "history will unerringly find him his proper place in the estimation of the nation he served."

As a sort of counter-memorial, another Mass was offered in Appleton by a different group of 125 McCarthy friends headed by the Senator's widow Jean, now Mrs. G. Joseph Minetti of Washington, D.C. She disavowed any connection with the McCarthy Foundation, sniffing: "Who are they? Birch-ers?" A more intriguing question: What would the old Red-baiter say if he knew that his memorial fell between a presidential visit to China and a summit meeting in Russia—and nearly coincided with a U.S. assault on a Communist enemy in North Viet Nam? "Point of order, Mr. Chairman," no doubt.



MRS. MOORE AT WALDORF LUNCHEON



MOURNER AT MCCARTHY GRAVE

Nixon at the Brink over Viet Nam

RARELY had so perfunctory an occasion been so rapidly watched. There in the White House to pay a courtesy call on the President and exchange a few ideas about world trade were Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin and Moscow's Foreign Trade Minister, Nikolai Patolichev. Every flicker of emotion on the faces of the visitors could be vastly portentous. Suddenly, newsmen were invited into the Oval Office. They were astonished. The Russians were grinning and laughing and exchanging lively banter with the President over how to say "friendship" in two languages.

Deceptive as that signal might yet prove to be, it relieved the grim tension that had enveloped Washington. For the moment, at least, a showdown between the two superpowers had been averted. Not since the Cuban missile crisis of 1962 had the possibility of armed conflict between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. loomed so large. This time the arena of conflict was half a world away in the Gulf of Tonkin, rather than 90 miles from the U.S. mainland, and this time, fortunately, there was no deadline ultimatum requiring immediate response. The feeling that the worst was past was reinforced by Patolichev's nonchalant response to a newsmen's question: Was President Nixon's May 22 summit visit to Moscow still on? "We never had any doubts about it. I don't know why you asked." There were ritual denunciations of the U.S. from Moscow and Peking. But while the language was harsh, no specific action was threatened. At week's end Hanoi's negotiators in Paris even seemed willing to talk peace some more, although still on their own restrictive terms.

Ready to Settle. The crisis had been created by the most momentous military decision Richard Nixon had yet made in his presidency: to mine the harbors of North Viet Nam and cut off the flow of all military supplies to Hanoi from any other nation, by almost any means. He had acted because his whole Vietnamization policy and his hope for an honorable U.S. withdrawal from the war seemed threatened by a massive, two-month-old North Vietnamese offensive, armed and fueled by the Soviet Union. His decision, made virtually alone and in the face of grave dissension within his Administration, also grew out of an almost obsessive fear of national and personal humiliation in Viet Nam.

The way that decision was reached illustrates with disturbing clarity the President's total domination of the vital arena of war and peace—and the total lack of effective checks and balances under a Constitution that is in other respects so careful to prevent arbitrary



DOBRYNIN, PATOLICHEV & NIXON AT WHITE HOUSE AFTER MINING
Global priorities distorted by the fear of humiliation.

action (see TIME ESSAY, page 18).

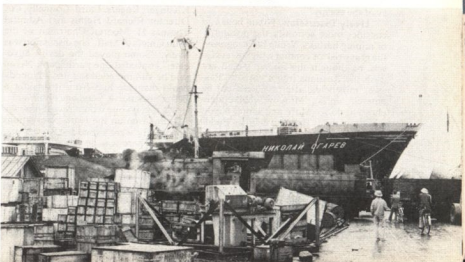
The President began considering new military moves soon after Communist troops swept across the DMZ with tanks and heavy artillery on Easter Sunday, and too many South Vietnamese units crumpled with alarming speed. His choices included the resumption of massive bombing of the North, including possible air strikes against Hanoi itself, and the destruction of flood-preventing dikes. He could even send U.S. Marines into a hit-and-run attack above the DMZ to divert Hanoi's troops. He considered urging the South Vietnamese to stage a similar raid or to counterattack across the zone.

Always, the mining or blockade of North Vietnamese ports remained a possibility. But most of his advisers considered it both too risky and too inef-

fectual to be given top priority. Past CIA studies had concluded that cargo could be diverted to rail lines, roads or an airlift, at a high cost in manpower, but still effectively enough to blunt a blockade. Moreover, all-out bombing in the past had failed to knock out all rail and road shipments. Even the sea routes might be kept open by enemy use of small vessels to unload freighters in unmined waters.

The most likely Nixon action seemed to be to employ massive airpower in the North. But even the extension of this option to include targets as far north as Hanoi and Haiphong was resisted by two key advisers: Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird and Secretary of State William Rogers. An inviting alternative to all such military measures seemed to be available when Henry

SOVIET CARGO SHIP "NIKOLAI OGAREV" AT DOCKSIDE IN HAIPHONG



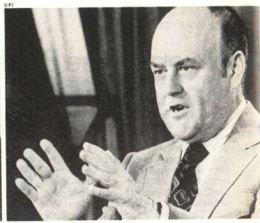


CONNALLY & NIXON IN ROSE GARDEN

Some played devil's advocate, but none could dissuade the President from his course.



KISSINGER BRIEFING



LAIRD EXPLAINING MINING MOVE

Kissinger, the President's ubiquitous National Security Adviser, flew to Moscow in April for secret talks with Soviet Party Leader Leonid Brezhnev, ostensibly to discuss plans for the summit. Kissinger returned, convinced that Brezhnev had conveyed more than just a sign that Hanoi was finally ready for fruitful negotiations in Paris.

Nixon's mood changed to cold anger when Kissinger arrived home from further secret talks in Paris with Hanoi Negotiator Le Duc Tho and reported absolutely no progress. Both Kissinger and Nixon felt that they had been deceived by Brezhnev. An aide said that Nixon "had had it with the North Vietnamese." Nixon explained: "I am ready to settle with them; they should know that. But they're not going to push me into the sea."

Nixon also worried about his trip to Moscow. He feared that he could be caught trading toasts in the Kremlin as the Communists took Hue, an event that could demoralize the entire South Vietnamese military and civil structure. "How could he go to Moscow and sit there and die the death of a thousand cuts?" asked one of his aides. "What would be the situation with the battle reports coming in every day from Viet Nam and 60,000 Americans at the mercy of the enemy?"

Lively Discussion. Nixon began to consider more seriously the possibility of mining harbors. While he recognized the grave risk of conflict with Soviet vessels, he thought this course would not push the Russians into a corner. "Passive" minefields, after all, need not be entered unless Moscow deliberately chose to do so. More and more, Nixon withdrew to his Executive Office Building hideaway to ponder the problem.

Two aides became his chief counselors as he approached his decision: Kissinger and, more surprisingly, Treasury Secretary John Connally. Kissinger outlined the military and diplomatic risks involved in the mining. Connally was consulted on the probable impact on domestic politics. He had no doubts at all. "The American people will re-

spond to strong and decisive leadership," the Texas Democrat advised. The continuing decline in the clout of Secretary of State Rogers became clear. He was off on a pre-summit tour of Western capitals while Nixon worked out his mining plans.

The President hardened his choice in a final weekend at Camp David. "If we turn tail now, America's commitments will be worthless," he told an aide. "The prestige of the presidency would hit rock bottom." On Saturday he ordered Laird to prepare for mining. He began working on a television speech that would explain the move. Writing it almost alone, he paused for telephone calls to his campaign manager, John Mitchell, and New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller.

The decision was all but final when Kissinger flew to Camp David Sunday morning, got the drift from Nixon, and returned to hold a meeting of his Washington Special Action Group to discuss contingency plans for the mining. The first public tip-off of an impending crisis came when Nixon summoned Rogers home to Washington.

The final chance to change the President's mind came in a meeting Monday morning of the National Security Council. Among those present were Kissinger, Rogers, Laird, Connally, CIA Director Richard Helms and Admiral Thomas H. Moorer, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The discussion was lively. "Some played the devil's advocate," conceded one participant. Nixon said he still intended to mine. "Nobody could dissuade him from it or offer a better alternative," said one observer.

While no one would reveal how the NSC lined up on the issue, reservations apparently were raised by Rogers and Helms. There was no doubt at all that Laird had fought hard against the proposal. He contended that the course would be particularly risky given the political atmosphere at home. Although Laird later came manfully, even belligerently, to the defense of the President's decision in public, he is frustrated and restive in his job. He wants out, though

no one expects him to resign until after the end of Nixon's current term.

When he briefed 18 congressional leaders at 8 p.m. Monday, Nixon made no pretense of asking for advice. "Let me come directly to the point and tell you of a decision I have had to make," he said. He talked for just 15 minutes, took no questions and concluded: "If you can give me your support, I would appreciate it. If you cannot, I will understand." Admiral Moorer continued the briefing, and was told by both Senator J. William Fulbright and Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield that they thought the decision was "provocative." Asked Fulbright: "Isn't this a dangerous escalation of the war?" Replied Laird: "You forget that the North Vietnamese invaded last month." As tempers warmed, Rogers interceded. "Let's not go into old arguments," he said. "We understand each other's positions." Given no chance to oppose the decision in advance, the congressional leaders dourly watched the President's speech on White House TV sets.

Grave Threat. Speaking somberly and forcefully, Nixon repeatedly raised the specter of endangered American troops in Viet Nam to justify his decision to mine the ports and bomb the North. The "massive invasion" of South Viet Nam by North Vietnamese troops, he contended, "gravely threatens the lives of 60,000 American troops." Pledged Nixon: "We shall do whatever is required to safeguard American lives and American honor." He claimed that politically it would be "a very easy choice" simply to withdraw all of those troops—"after all I did not send over one-half million Americans to Viet Nam. I have brought 500,000 men home." Precipitate withdrawal, though, would amount to "an American defeat," and such a defeat, he said once more, would "encourage aggression all over the world—aggression in which smaller nations, armed by their major allies, could be tempted to attack neighboring nations at will, in the Mideast, in Europe and other areas." Also, it would mean "turning 17 million South Viet-

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name over to Communist tyranny and terror." Since the North Vietnamese have met every U.S. peace offer "with insolence and insult," the only U.S. recourse, he said, was to employ "decisive military action to end the war."

That action, Nixon insisted, was not directed against the Soviet Union. Addressing Moscow, he explained: "We expect you to help your allies, and you cannot expect us to do other than to continue to help our allies. But let us help our allies only for the purpose of their defense—not for the purpose of launching invasions against their neighbors."

Along with his martial talk and his new war measures, Nixon offered a peace package that included several important new concessions. If the Communists will return all Americans now held prisoner and agree to "an internationally supervised cease-fire throughout Indochina," he said, the U.S. would agree to stop "all acts of force throughout Indochina." Aides later explained that this meant that the U.S., for the first time, was offering to withdraw all its sea and air forces from the area. Moreover, there was no insistence that the Communists give up any territory they have seized in South Viet Nam. Nixon also said the U.S. would complete its withdrawal within four months of a cease-fire rather than the previously offered six months. This military-only offer would leave the political future of South Viet Nam to be negotiated by the Vietnamese alone if they want it that way. Although he promised continued support to South Viet Nam, he did not mention the name of President Thieu.

Intense Drive. The mining of North Vietnamese ports, he said, was already "being implemented," and the mines would be activated after "three daylight periods." Ignoring the invitation to leave, fewer than a dozen Soviet vessels remained locked inside the minefield at Haiphong. By week's end, no Soviet vessel had tried to maneuver its way through the dangerous waters. Yet about 20 freighters, some of them Russian, were still on course toward Haiphong, as were two Soviet minesweepers. A symbolic "I dare you" challenge of the huge U.S. air and sea armada seemed unlikely, but it was still possible.

Defense Secretary Laird warned that any Russian attempts to deliver cargo by air rather than by sea would be stopped "by all necessary means." The U.S. promptly unleashed the most intense air interdiction drive of the war. Bombers struck targets within Haiphong and Hanoi and ranged northward to hit rail lines leading to China.

The peace overtures in Nixon's bomb-but-withdraw policy drew no immediate hopeful response. They could well be, as Nixon claimed, "the maximum of what any President of the U.S. could offer." And they might prove tempting to Hanoi—after the fate of Hué, and possibly of the entire Viet-

namization program, is settled on the battlefield. At first, the Communists remained as "insolent" as Nixon had charged. The National Liberation Front's Paris negotiator, Madame Nguyen Thi Binh, scoffed: "While we are in a military situation which is favorable to our struggle, he calls for an immediate cease-fire." Celebrating the 18th anniversary of his victory over the French at Dien Bien Phu, North Viet Nam Defense Minister Vo Nguyen Giap defiantly declared over Hanoi radio: "We are now defeating and definitely will defeat the Nixon war—defeat completely all the adventurous and cruel escalations of the United States imperialists." But after the initial bluster, Hanoi's Le Duc Tho called again for more talks in Paris.

Moscow's only formal response to the mining of the ports was an official statement charging that the U.S. was pursuing "a dangerous and slippery road" that was "fraught with serious consequences for international peace and security." The U.S.S.R. denounced the American actions as "illegal," "inadmissible" and "piratical," and demanded that U.S. disruption of air and land shipping in North Viet Nam "be canceled without delay." Peking charged that the U.S. had taken "a new grave step in escalating its war of aggression against Viet Nam." Its statement scoffed at the idea that the mining was undertaken to safeguard American soldiers. "By continuing to escalate the war in a big way," contended Peking, "the U.S. Government will only cause more American youths to lose their lives."

U.S. allies were notably cool to Nixon's action. Britain's Foreign Office called U.S. countermeasures "inevitable," but Foreign Secretary Sir Alec Douglas-Home noted that "we were not con-

sulted" and said that "this is a situation of danger." In France, where some 20,000 Parisians marched to protest Nixon's action, Foreign Minister Maurice Schumann called it "a brutal worsening of the situation." The French newspaper *Le Monde* said that the Nixon speech, like others made by the President on the war, was "unreal—it is not an ocean which separates the California coast from Indochina but a bottomless political and cultural trench." Japan's Prime Minister Eisaku Sato, offering a rare criticism of the U.S., called the blockade "not a wise move," although he sympathized with Nixon's aims.

The reaction in the U.S. was still too mixed to gauge accurately. The Cabinet closed ranks firmly behind Nixon; as he stepped in the Cabinet Room after his telecast, he was greeted by a standing ovation. "Mr. President, you were determined and resolute, and you made your point well," said HEW Secretary Elliot Richardson. Interior Secretary Rogers Morton assured Nixon that he could expect the support of most of the American public.

White House aides reported a heavy mail and telegram response running 5 to 1 in the President's favor. A Louis Harris survey showed that 59% of

KENNEDY AT CAPITOL PEACE VIGIL



MINNEAPOLIS POLICE BEAT DEMONSTRATOR AT UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA



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Americans backed Nixon's mining decision, although Harris saw this as more of a rallying reaction in a crisis than a necessarily lasting view. The California Poll reported a sharp rise in popular support after the speech; the previous week only 41% had approved of the way Nixon was handling the war, but after his pronouncement the figure rose to 53%. Yet New York's Republican Senator Jacob Javits said his mail showed an overwhelming protest—by 35 to 1—and even his conservative colleague, James Buckley, counted a 2-to-1 margin against the President.

Protesters returned to the streets in the largest numbers since the Cambodi-

an incursion and the Kent State killings two years ago. There was an air of "Here we go again" futility about the demonstrations that made them seem less intense than before. Or perhaps newsmen, too, had become bored by the tactic. Yet across the nation more than 2,000 protesters were arrested and many beaten in clashes with police. Four University of New Mexico students were wounded by police gunfire. National Guardsmen restored order at the University of Minnesota after two days of traffic stopping and window smashing by some 2,000 students, many of whom had been clubbed by cops.

Yet the campus mood was best ex-

pressed by Stanford University President Richard W. Lyman, known as a home-front disciplinarian. He warned that the lack of large-scale riots did not mean students and academicians had grown indifferent to the war; rather there had developed "a dangerous and ever-growing disenchantment with a political system" that cannot end a war that is "immoral at worst, and a failure at best." At Amherst, President John William Ward told some 700 students: "I speak out of frustration and deep despair. I do not think that words will change the minds of the men in power, and I do not care to write letters to the world. What I protest is that there is no way to protest." Ward then joined a sit-down demonstration at Westover Air Force Base and was arrested.

Off campus, some unexpected opposition to presidential policy developed. Chicago's Democratic Mayor Richard Daley, saying he had supported Nixon and past Presidents on the war, and that "I think we should stand by our President," nevertheless said he had changed his mind. "I don't think any President has the right, without approval of Congress, to carry on a war—and we've been in a war for ten years." Nine of Henry Kissinger's former staff members wrote to him declaring their admiration for much of what he has done in the past but deploring the mining and the bombing escalation. For this weekend, the National Peace Action Coalition and other antiwar groups have called a mass demonstration in Washington; the turnout may give an indication of how wide and enduring the opposition is.

Reckless. If domestic reaction remained ambiguous, congressional attitudes seemed to turn sharply more partisan. Republicans were under heavy White House pressure to support the President, and the appeal to stand behind him at a moment of crisis—even if it was self-inflicted—was effective. Yet some moderate Republicans seemed to be wavering. Illinois Republican Congressman John Anderson flatly protested: "I am unwilling to take the risk of war with the Soviet Union by engaging in attacks on their ships and planes. I don't think Viet Nam is that important." Vermont Senator George Aiken, a senior Republican who had deplored the North Vietnamese invasion, criticized the mining as ineffective and called it "brinkmanship."

Nixon's Democratic critics felt no need to hold back. As some 1,000 protesters held a dawn prayer vigil on the Capitol steps, timed to coincide with the activation of the mines, Democratic Senator Edward Kennedy declared: "We have a President who says he's interested in the honor of the United States, but he has despoiled that honor." New York Democratic Congressman Jonathan Bingham told the rally that the mining was "the act of an emperor, a dictator." More than 20 Democratic Congressmen filed suit in fed-

How the Underwater Mines Work

MOST people envision underwater mines as the sort of studied black balls that Cary Grant dodged in *Destination Tokyo*. But the delayed-action mines used to seal off North Vietnamese ports last week are considerably more complex. Sown by low-flying Navy planes, some of them were dropped to the surface by parachute; others,

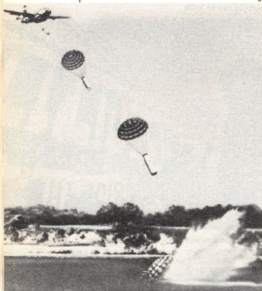
technology, might be recovered and eventually wind up in a Russian ordnance laboratory.

A minefield is generally seeded with a variety of devices. Some explode on contact. Some detonate magnetically when they pick up the magnetic field of a passing ship. Others explode at an acoustical cue, such as a ship's propellers alongside or overhead. Still others go off when a ship's hull increases the water pressure. A mine's relatively simple computer can be programmed to react to combinations of signals. Thus some mines are equipped with "counters." They will allow, say, nine ships to pass by and then blow up the tenth. Such mines greatly increase the dangers of minesweeping, since the sweeper may be the fatal tenth vessel.

Some mines can sit on the bottom for a time, awaiting a coded signal to activate. On signal, they can propel themselves through the water to a different position, or can search for a target.

Those who doubt the effectiveness of the mining operation point out that incoming cargo ships might stop outside the minefield and then unload their supplies onto shallow-draft wooden boats that might pass over the field without being detected. As a countermeasure, the Navy might set its mines to go off at extremely faint signals. With such hair triggers, however, the mines could be detonated by a strong current or even by a large passing fish.

Eventually, at some "predetermined time" which the Pentagon of course will not discuss, the mines will deactivate themselves automatically. Meantime, the Soviets may employ some of their surface minesweepers—they have more than 350—to try to clear the ports. If they do so, the U.S. could send in more planes and sow fresh minefields.



NAVY MINING EXERCISE*

equipped with tail fins, plunged straight to the water. Then they were programmed to settle at various depths in patterns designed to frustrate enemy minesweepers. Some were probably sent to the bottom while others were moored by cables. The mines used last week were not the most sophisticated the U.S. possesses—the risk was too great that one of them, packed with advanced

*Composite photo shows deployment of mine parachute and splashdown.

eral court to enjoin the President from continuing the war, claiming that he is "in violation of the separation of powers doctrine as set forth in the Constitution." Democratic Presidential hopeful George McGovern said Nixon's decision was "reckless, unnecessary and unworkable, and is a flirtation with World War III." Hubert Humphrey protested that the President's action was "filled with unpredictable danger."

More substantively, the Senate Democratic caucus voted 29 to 14 to condemn the President's escalation of the war, and by a margin of 35 to 8 to demand a cutoff of funds for the war within four months after the Communists return P.O.W.s. This was meant to coincide with Nixon's latest offer, but it does not require a cease-fire. In the House, the Foreign Affairs Committee Democrats demanded a total U.S. withdrawal from Viet Nam by Oct. 1, again, the only precondition would be release of the prisoners and safe withdrawal of U.S. troops.

Choking Off. The impact of the President's drastic decision on his own re-election prospects will depend, of course, on how it works out. All that was certain is that the war is once again a paramount political issue—and is again dividing the American people. But more important than Richard Nixon's personal fate was the jolting fact that such a potentially fateful and controversial step could be taken by one man in a country that jealously protects itself against arbitrary action across the whole range of Government.

Whether or not Nixon "lucks out," the risks far exceeded the probable results. It is one thing to come vigorously to the support of the South Vietnamese on the battlefield, but quite another to escalate that support into great-power confrontation. In fact, Nixon had really failed to prove the logic of such a drastic step as interdiction and semi-blockade. The great bulk of the American troops in Viet Nam are not in imminent danger. Most are in well-fortified defensive positions near Danang and Saigon—with well-laid plans to group for collective defense and to be airlifted out if the need arises. Only a total and swift ARVN collapse could threaten those troops—and if such a rout were about to occur, the slow choking off of war matériel by mining could hardly have any saving effect.

Speculating on what might happen if the Soviets chose to challenge the interdiction of North Viet Nam, one high U.S. official said at week's end: "We don't want an armed confrontation. But I don't know what we would do." Added another, in typical Administration athletic metaphor: "There ain't no game plan. We are winging this one."

It was to be hoped that the Administration knew its mind better than that.

WEEK'S ACTION

South Viet Nam: Pulling Itself Together

AS the President began speaking to the nation on prime-time evening TV, it was 10 a.m. on Vietnamese clocks. At that hour, Navy jets from carriers in the Gulf of Tonkin dipped low over the narrow, shallow approaches to Haiphong and six smaller ports up and down North Viet Nam's 420 miles of coastline. In a matter of minutes, the pilots splashed hundreds of deadly delayed-action mines into the Communist shipping channels, and the peril and violence of the war in Indochina escalated once again.

After the mines came the bombs and the shells. Offshore, the cruisers *Newport News*, *Oklahoma City* and *Providence* turned their guns on a petroleum tank near Haiphong. In the sky, flights of 150 to 175 warplanes, including big B-52 bombers, began a systematic pounding of bridges, barracks, trucks, barges, rail junctions and other military targets in North Viet Nam's Red River Valley heartland. Some of the raids struck within 60 miles of the Chinese border. Daily, sometimes almost hourly, loudspeakers on Hanoi's

streets screamed instructions: "Take to your shelters. The enemy is near."

In size and scope, the new air war on the North exceeded the heaviest bombing of Operation Rolling Thunder, the program of gradually escalating air attacks that the Johnson Administration pursued so doggedly for three long years. By March 1968, when Thunder was finally cut back, the U.S. was losing 20 planes a month, and North Vietnamese civilian casualties, by Defense Secretary Robert McNamara's estimate, were running as high as 1,000 a week. In the days following Nixon's TV address, the U.S. lost three planes and four crewmen. Ten MIGs were brought down by U.S. jets. One U.S. Navy Phantom destroyed three of the MIGs in a fierce dogfight over Haiphong before it, too, was knocked out of the sky. The Phantom's flyers, Lieut. Randy Cunningham and Lieut. (j.g.) William Driscoll, who were subsequently rescued, thereby became the first American air aces of the Viet Nam War, since they had two previous "kills" to their credit.

Perhaps as Nixon had intended, the



*Secretary Laird last week described the South Vietnamese army as "an expansionist ball club." The U.S. mining operation carries the code name LINEBACKER.



U.S. HELICOPTERS LOADING SOUTH VIETNAMESE FOR OFFENSIVE NEAR QUANG TRI



ARVN SOLDIERS WITH ANTITANK WEAPONS AWAITING ATTACK ON AN LOC STREET



THE NATION

strikes had more impact in Saigon than in Hanoi. The tough decision to mine the harbors helped lift the gloom that had settled over President Nguyen Van Thieu and his South Vietnamese general staff in the wake of the abject ARVN collapses at Quang Tri and in most of the Central Highlands. The disasters had frozen Saigon into a paralytic numbness—the sort of debilitating shock that can quickly translate into a sudden and mortal collapse of morale. In order to boost the sagging spirits of the capital, ARVN set up a display of captured enemy equipment, including two huge North Vietnamese tanks, in the square outside city hall.

The malaise had apparently infected even Thieu. Except for a few trips out into the field, he had moodily confined himself to his Saigon palace almost since the Communist offensive began seven weeks ago. Last week, under prodding from the U.S., Thieu began to take a more visibly vigorous role. To instill a sense of national urgency, he went on TV to ask "the entire nation to do all that can be done, to sacrifice all that can be sacrificed." Nixon's decision to lay the mines, he told his Cabinet, ought to "dissipate any rumors that the U.S. might abandon us." From the National Assembly, he requested a grant of sweeping emergency powers for six months. He also declared a state of martial law, thereby giving his government the right to take over food supplies, forbid strikes and demonstrations, conduct unlimited police searches and close down everything from universities to race tracks if the need arose. Thieu continued his shake-up of ARVN generals, in the inexcusably weak commands of the two northern military regions.

No Static. Last week Thieu flew north to the imperial city of Huế, which is poised for what is widely expected to be the decisive battle of the offensive. There he conferred with Lieut. General Ngo Quang Truong, the newly appointed boss of ARVN's war in Military Region I (the northernmost provinces). Truong, who was pulled up from the Mekong Delta after the ARVN 3rd Division broke at Quang Tri, 24 miles north of Huế, is said to be the most competent field commander in the South Vietnamese army. U.S. generals say that "any situation improves when Truong arrives."

Evidently Truong aims to live up to his reputation. Too often, fretful South Vietnamese commanders have adopted what is generously known as a static defense; they have simply sat back and waited for Communist attacks. At Huế, Truong has begun to break that pattern. He sent a three-battalion infantry probe into Communist-held territory northwest of the city. With a lift from 16 helicopters based on a U.S. assault carrier standing at sea off Huế, three marine battalions were sent north to occupy a town near Quang Tri. The 1,700 marines probably would not try to retake

CIVILIANS FLEEING AN LOC

Quang Tri, which the 8,000-man ARVN 3rd Division had abandoned in terror, leaving behind a shockingly large arsenal of unused weapons: more than 200 tanks and armored cars and nearly 200 artillery pieces. But the appearance of movement was psychologically important to the Vietnamese. As one U.S. adviser in Saigon said: "They need to go out and whip somebody."

Can ARVN pull itself together? Saigon's 492,000-man regular army is suffering from more than battered morale. There are fewer than 150,000 Communist soldiers committed to the invasion; nonetheless they have not only tied up all of ARVN's reserve strength but have also knocked out an ever-growing list of South Vietnamese units—one full infantry division, a third of another division, five infantry regiments, six armored regiments, three artillery battalions, nine ranger battalions, two airborne brigades and three battalions of marines, Saigon's best troops. The South Vietnamese have admitted to heavy casualties: 4,610 dead and 14,093 wounded. U.S. military men hope that, with unstinting American air support and Nixon's morale-boosting moves, ARVN can hold up at least through May, when monsoon rains are expected to dampen the action in the southern two-thirds of the country.

Medieval War. Despite the promise of Truong's moves around Hue, the military initiative still belonged to the canny North Vietnamese Defense Minister, General Vo Nguyen Giap. Last week, after a lull of ten days, Giap resumed the offensive. The new Communist thrust was pure Giap—methodically prepared, lavish with firepower, and at an unexpected point. The U.S. and South Vietnamese commands had been awaiting attacks on Kontum or Hue. Instead, Giap once more drove on An Loc, the shell-torn rubber town near the Cambodian border, 60 miles north of Saigon. As usual, Giap's troops fought an almost medieval war of siege and attrition. North Vietnamese artillerymen rained some 7,000 shells and rockets on the ruined city during a 15-hour barrage—a rate of one round every eight seconds. The U.S. Air Force responded in kind by laying on 21 strikes by B-52s, which dropped nearly 2,000 tons of bombs on the city's perimeter. Despite several ground assaults, An Loc's tenacious 6,000-man garrison was still in control of most of the city at week's end.

When the North Vietnamese first launched their offensive, they issued the call for a national "uprising" of South Vietnamese against the Thieu regime. That uprising has not materialized, and the flood of some 600,000 refugees from embattled areas suggests that the NVA soldiers have not been received as liberators. It is doubtful, though, that Hanoi seriously expected the South Vietnamese to revolt. The current campaign is obviously intended to produce a military victory, regardless of the cost in lives to the NVA.

In past offensives, Giap rotated his regiments in and out of the fighting. This year there has been no rotation to rest areas, and units are receiving replacement troops right on the battlefield. At times, Giap's commanders have let 3,000-man regiments fight down to 400 or 500 men before pulling them back to refit. Giap, moreover, has been uncharacteristically reckless in his use of tanks. A U.S. officer in Saigon who saw tank duty in World War II says: "I never saw the Germans or ourselves expend armor at a rate comparable to the North Vietnamese. Last week they moved 25 tanks east of Quang Tri in broad daylight. All of them were destroyed or damaged. That's kind of foolhardy."

Gaping Holes. What are the North Vietnamese after? Ultimately, they would like to wreck ARVN and bring down Thieu. Short of that, their maximum goal could be to seize Hue and the entire top third of the country and use them as a bargaining chip in any peace negotiations. If the battle for Hue occurs, it is universally agreed, it could prove to be crucial—to the shape of a settlement, if there is one, and to the future of Thieu and the Nixon policy in any case. Strategically, the fall of Hue would put Communist artillery within range of nearby Danang and its sprawling U.S. airbase. Psychologically, Hue's loss could lead to demoralization and collapse of South Viet Nam. "The impact would be like that of Dien Bien Phu," a high South Vietnamese official told TIME Correspondent Herman Nickel last week. "It would make clear that not even the best ARVN troops can defend the major cities and population centers. That's why the whole war may be decided in the next two or three weeks." Thieu is known to fear that if the Communists were to take Hue, they would immediately offer an in-place cease-fire—and the U.S. would accept, despite Thieu's opposition. As the Thieu scenario continues, political chaos would follow and the regime would fall.

The U.S. generals rate Hue's chances as only fair, even though it is defended by the esteemed Truong and 30,000 to 35,000 troops, including the highly rated 1st Division, three marine brigades, and airborne and ranger units. Opposing them are three Communist divisions and several independent regiments. When TIME Correspondent Stanley Cloud visited Hue last week, Communist guns were not far off. Cabled Cloud: "You can hear artillery in the distance, and from time to time the thunder of B-52 strikes rolls through the city to remind people how close the attackers are. The population—200,000 in normal times—has shrunk to about 100,000, including the troops and 40,000 refugees who were too poor, too tired or too sick to continue the flight south. The imperial palace stands in decaying splendor, surrounded by ancient walls through which gaping holes were blasted in the bloody fighting of 1968. Now the old city sits under a blis-

tering sun and waits for war to come to it again.

"The town was very quiet, as it had been under the French when it was soft and sweet as a tropical fruit. On the main streets the traffic was mostly military. On the side streets there was no traffic at all. Houses were closed and shuttered. Schools were deserted, shops closed, restaurants barricaded. Only a few sampans plied the Perfume River. Some of the buildings of Hue University were used to house refugees. Once a day a dump truck arrived loaded with loaves of fly-specked 'welfare' bread. Each family of five was given one loaf a day, and nothing more. All the peo-

LE HINH



TRUONG & PRESIDENT THIEU
Lifting the gloom.

ple with enough money have gone," one middle-aged refugee told me. "Only we are left."

"Inside the Citadel, American Marine advisers have slung their hammocks in the Hall of the Royal Dancers. General Truong has his headquarters in the former residence of the Emperor. Outside, South Vietnamese soldiers laugh and eat watermelon under shady trees in the hot afternoon. They seem relaxed and happy. But, as one senior American officer told me, 'Normal indications of high morale can disappear very rapidly in an attack.'

"One day about 1,000 of Truong's local volunteers, wearing everything from black pajamas to sports shirts, marched through the city to the wall of the Citadel. A band was playing, and a few refugees and children gathered to watch. But there were no cheers."

Where's Congress?

CONGRESSIONAL leaders knew something was afoot last Monday, but they did not know what. With all the rumors buzzing of impending presidential action in Viet Nam, Senate Democrats asked at noon for a meeting with the President, but their request went unanswered. Not until late in the afternoon were congressional leaders given notice of an 8 p.m. briefing at the White House. When they arrived, the President gave them a crisp 15 minutes, then left abruptly to get ready for his announcement to the nation of a near-blockade of North Viet Nam. Cabinet members and Pentagon brass stayed behind to answer questions fired at them by the irritated, frustrated Congressmen. "There's no change in the pattern," grumbled Leslie Arends, House Republican whip since 1943. "I've yet to sit on one of these conferences and hear the President say: 'What do you think we ought to do?'" A presidential aide remarked: "Well, what the hell, I think they're used to it by now."

In many ways they are. They have suffered presidential control of foreign policy so long that they just about take it for granted. Now the President had mounted still another dangerous escalation of the Viet Nam War without so much as asking their opinion. It was the culminating humiliation of years of presidential neglect and indifference. The danger was that Congress had acquiesced in its inferior status. "There are members of Congress who are called 'the President's men,'" says Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield. "In their view, everything a President recommends is right. Everything a President does is right. Any time the Congress, a coequal branch of Government, seeks to exercise the equality granted to us under the Constitution, we are accused of engaging in adversary proceedings."

This imbalance of powers is not the result of a deliberate plot conducted by power-happy Presidents. It more or less just happened, helped along by circumstance. Named the Commander in Chief of the armed forces by the Constitution, partly to ensure civilian control of the military, the President has always had the power to act quickly when he needed to. Congress, a deliberative body, moves more slowly and cautiously. From Jefferson's Louisiana Purchase to Johnson's dispatch of troops to Viet Nam, with rare exceptions the President has taken the lead in foreign and military policy while Congress has tagged along, often grumbling. When an earlier activist President, James K. Polk, sent troops into Mexico and then demanded that Congress approve his action, Senator John C. Calhoun declared that the deed "stripped Congress of the power of making war, and what was more and worse, it gave that power to every officer, nay, to every subaltern commanding a corporal's guard." As before and since, the President got away with it.

Now that the U.S. is embroiled in Viet Nam, Americans may wonder how the President could have acquired so much power. Yet it was only a few short years ago that most liberals in politics and in the academy considered a strong presidency essential to democracy. A good case can be made for presidential power in foreign affairs. Diplomatic negotiations cannot be left to a many-headed Congress with myriad political commitments and conflicting personalities. America had to speak with one voice, not many. As the U.S. role increased in world affairs, the President took charge of an ever-expanding military, diplomatic and intelligence Establishment. With annihilation of the nation a genuine possibility in the nuclear age, only the President could have the power to make quick life-or-death decisions. There seemed to be no other way.

But power in such quantity is an ever-present temptation. The line between constitutional and unconstitutional acts became blurred. Congressional power to declare war atrophied; in effect, the President did it on his own—in Korea, in Viet Nam and to a lesser degree in a host of other places, like Lebanon and the Dominican Republic, where the President committed American forces momentarily. The process has a cu-

mulative effect. Once the President has made a certain commitment of troops, he may feel compelled to send still more to protect his original investment. Viet Nam is the tragic outcome of a process that nobody really meant to start and nobody quite knows how to stop.

The question is how to correct the imbalance and restore to Congress its proper role in the conduct of foreign affairs. Congressmen, quite naturally, are not of one mind on the war. Without a working hostile majority, they cannot put up solid opposition to the President's policies, and Nixon conquers partly by dividing. Beyond that, once a war is undertaken and American lives are at stake, the President's men and others, too, are reluctant to jeopardize the war effort. It would be unpatriotic and politically hazardous. Hence the unwillingness of Congress to cut off appropriations for the war.

One promising approach is a law that would inhibit the President's warming powers by reinforcing the badly eroded constitutional right of Congress to declare and support a war. Several such bills have been introduced that would not apply to Viet Nam but to any future Viet Nams. Most discussed is the proposal of New York's Republican Senator Jacob Javits to limit unilateral military action by the President to specific instances where the U.S. or its armed forces have been attacked. The President could also take military action to protect American lives and property abroad or to carry out the terms of a treaty or other agreement ratified by Congress. But unless approved by Congress, hostilities would have to end in 30 days. Obviously, such a bill would not completely restrain the President, given his ample resources. But it would bring Congress into the decision-making process as never before.

So far, Nixon has resisted all attempts to rebuild congressional power over foreign policy. Last November, Congress passed a military authorization bill with a watered-down version of the Mansfield amendment, which simply called for setting a date for the withdrawal of American forces from Viet Nam as soon as the prisoners of war are released. The President signed the bill into law while describing the amendment as being "without binding force or effect."

Yet Congress, properly informed, could be as much of a help as a hindrance to the President, particularly in this time of travail over Viet Nam. By being brought into policymaking, Congress could share the responsibility as well as the blame for what happens there. Rather than rebuffing them, the President might welcome congressional efforts to formulate a peace offer to North Viet Nam. The Church-Case amendment omits a ceasefire as a condition for the withdrawal of American forces, but it does embody Nixon's offer of a total withdrawal in four months after the P.O.W.s are freed. Though Nixon dislikes congressional interference with his prerogatives, some such congressional resolution would increase his bargaining strength with North Viet Nam. It would demonstrate that Congress, the source of so much antiwar sentiment, is behind him.

No less than previous Presidents, Nixon has underestimated what Congress can do for him. It can, under certain circumstances, save him from himself. The Senate, in particular, remains the repository of a worldly-wise skepticism—a quality not always found in the Executive bureaucracy, which defends to the death policies that it has initiated. The Administration has had to keep escalating in Viet Nam to protect its original position. If the President had been required to report regularly to Congress, he might have found alternative strategies. To some degree, the President has become the captive of the huge Establishment that has grown up around him. "A strong President," says Senator William Fulbright, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, "has been regarded as not one who strengthens and upholds our constitutional system as a whole but as one who accumulates and retains as much power as possible in the presidential office itself." It is time not to weaken the President, but to make the U.S. stronger by sharing the abundant power of the presidency with Congress.



H.H.H. KITCHY-COOING IN BALTIMORE

POLITICS

The McGovern Issue

The primaries have begun to blur somewhat, like cities watched from a headlong cross-country train. But if the grueling and expensive system has any merit, it is that it at least determines which candidates travel well. Last week, as the sheer surprise of George McGovern's early primary successes was wearing off, the central questions of his candidacy emerged more clearly: Can he command a winning national constituency once his stands on the issues become widely known and debated? Can his coalition of the discontented widen its embrace sufficiently to win him a nomination? An election?

Those questions arose crucially in the final days of Nebraska's primary last week. McGovern had depended upon a solid victory in Nebraska, which adjoins his own South Dakota. Hubert Humphrey had all but conceded the state, but then, scenting the possibility of an upset, Humphrey plunged in with a major, if belated, campaign. Humphrey's camp fostered an impression that McGovern was too radical to be taken seriously for the nomination.

No one accused Humphrey of organizing a smear campaign, but he did set the theme: "The McGovern record speaks for itself. A candidate can't be quoted two ways." A more specific formulation: McGovern is pro-marijuana, pro-abortion and pro-amnesty for draft resisters. "This is the McGovern record," said an advertisement in the Roman Catholic archdiocesan newspaper in Omaha. The ad was placed by the Citizens Concerned for Preservation of Life. At the same time, McGovern's promise to cut the defense budget by \$32 billion alarmed residents around the Offutt Air Force Base, headquarters of the Strategic Air Command.

McGovern understood the signifi-

cance of the attack. He repeatedly and specifically explained himself. In doing so, he did not alter the substance of his previous stands, although he may have shifted his emphasis to placate more conservative Democrats. Previously McGovern had said that "abortion is a private matter which should be decided by a pregnant woman and her own doctor. Once the decision is made, I do not feel that the law should stand in the way of its implementation." But on a Nebraska television program he said that there should be some restrictions: "You can't let just anybody walk in and request an abortion."

McGovern has never favored the legalization of marijuana. On the Nebraska TV show he opposed jail sentences for possessors. But he insisted that no penalty was too harsh in dealing with "murderous, unprincipled" drug pushers. On amnesty, he explained that he was merely following the precedents set by Lincoln, Coolidge and Truman, all of whom declared postwar amnesties. "Nobody ever called Calvin Coolidge a dangerous radical," said McGovern. The Senator favors amnesty for conscientious objectors but not for deserters.

McGovern campaigned with former Nebraska Governor Frank Morrison, 66, who was impressively dressed in white Stetson and cowboy boots. Asked Morrison: "Can you imagine anything more ridiculous than that old Frank Morrison is out advocating a dangerous left-winger?"

The war crisis played a problematic role. President Nixon's TV speech came on election eve, and no one could firmly fix its effect—if any. Though McGovern is well known as an antiwar candidate, the President's speech came so soon before the balloting that it may have made little difference.

In the end, McGovern emerged with



McGOVERN PATTING IN OMAHA
Key questions.

THE NATION

41% and Humphrey with 35%. McGovern scored in the university community of Lincoln, lost among the state's Irish Catholics in Omaha, and held the farmers remarkably well. Humphrey had missed his upset. McGovern's aides comforted themselves, perhaps overoptimistically, with the thought that they had set the "radical issue" to rest in the same way that John Kennedy overcame the Catholicism issue in West Virginia's primary in 1960.

Pollyannaism. Ironically, it was in West Virginia that Humphrey found infinitely greater satisfaction last week. He emerged with 67% of the vote in the preference poll there, against George Wallace, who won 33%. It may have been an important psychological victory for Humphrey, whose loss of the 1960 West Virginia primary to Kennedy has been credited with sending J.F.K. to the White House. In fact, as Humphrey watched the West Virginia returns on TV, he offered a characteristic Pollyannaism about that race twelve years ago: "I personally suffered a political defeat, but the nation gained a great President."

This time Humphrey gained more than just votes. He will take a healthy share of West Virginia's 35 delegates into the convention. In a state with one of the nation's highest per capita union memberships and minimal anxiety about busing (the black population is only 4%), Humphrey's ties to organized labor and the state's Democratic machinery were sufficient to reward him with a handsome victory.

Wallace gave only perfunctory attention to West Virginia, preferring to till more fertile ground in Maryland and Michigan. Both states have primaries this week, and in each his constituency is strong. Humphrey and McGovern, the principal contenders, were looking farther down the calendar, to Oregon on May 23 and, more important, to California on June 6. California, with its 271 delegate votes, winner take all, had become the Democrats' new political grail. Victory there might be enough to propel either McGovern or Humphrey to the nomination.

As of last week, the delegate scorecard stood: 338 for McGovern, 241 for Humphrey, 213 for Wallace.

The Democratic Rockefeller

Tall, tanned and toothy he moves through the poor farm and hill towns of West Virginia like some cultured country slicker. Striding into one tiny town hall he purposely bypasses the speaker's podium, hikes one shiny size-12 shoe onto a folding chair, unbuttons his navy blue cashmere blazer, loosens his wide striped tie and says with a slight twang: "They say, 'Now you know Jay. He's a carpetbagger. He came down here to use this state.'" He flashes the

THE NATION

neon smile. "Now I criticized my parents because they didn't allow me to be born here." As the titters subside, he turns super-serious. "But you know, don't you, just like I know, that it's not important where a man is born but what he loves." When everything goes right, he leaves the impression that, well—old Jay is regular folks.

Gutsy but Risky. Old Jay is anything but, of course. He is John Davison Rockefeller IV, 34, an émigré to Appalachia by way of Exeter, Harvard, Yale, the Peace Corps and the U.S. State Department. He is young, handsome, rich and married to the pretty blonde daughter of Illinois' Republican Senator Charles Percy. So what is a guy like that doing in a place like West Virginia? He is running for Governor and, for all the opportunistic, Johnny-come-lately overtones, his commitment to the state runs deep. He went there eight years ago as a poverty-program worker. After toiling for two years in Emmons, a creek-bed hollow five miles from the nearest road, he decided that "politics was the only way to accomplish anything in West Virginia," where 30% of the people are considered poor. In 1966, he won a race for the state legislature by a record margin and two years later was elected secretary of state. Last week in the West Virginia primary, liberal Democrat Rockefeller won the party's gubernatorial nomination with a thumping 72% of the vote.

Though there are twice as many registered Democrats as Republicans in the state, Jay Rockefeller is far from being a shoo-in. In fact, his gutsy but political-

ly risky call for an end to strip mining in the state "completely and forever" has turned his race against the folksy, foxy Republican incumbent, Arch A. Moore Jr., 49, into one of the nation's tightest and most exciting state-level battles. To many voters, Rockefeller's stand on strip mining, a \$200 million industry employing many of the state's 44,000 miners, is somewhat like proposing a ban on oil in Texas or oranges in Florida. Nevertheless, preaching that strip mining is a "cancer of the earth" that mutilates the hills "like a knife slash through a painting," Rockefeller supports the expansion of deep mining, a far less unsightly operation. "When I see one stripper working," he says, "I see three deep miners out of work." So do the mineowners—and that is one reason why they are solidly aligned behind Moore, a native West Virginian and a supporter of strip mining.

With mining money expected to flow to Moore like water in back-hollow creeks, Rockefeller's rich-boy image is not likely to hurt him. He spent \$319,000 on his campaign, downplaying TV pitches for fear of coming on as the big-moneyed media candidate. In last week's primary there were signs that the ecological message was getting through: 11 of the 23 candidates who won seats in the House of Delegates had the endorsement of the increasingly popular "Citizens to Abolish Strip Mining Inc." Sweeping out Moore, a savvy campaigner whose vote-pulling power started with the student body presidency at West Virginia University and ran through six terms as a U.S. Congressman, is something else. But Rockefeller has his own tradition to uphold. Harking back to his great-grandfather, the first John D., Jay Rockefeller says matter-of-factly: "Rockefellers always get their way. I don't know if I like that, but that's the way it is, isn't it?" November will tell.

ROCKEFELLER IN APPALACHIA



Spring Cleaning in Texas

There are two things a man should never be forced to see: how the meat packers make sausage and how Texas politicians make their daily bread.

That hill-country heehaw is no longer a laughing matter. After a series of messy political scandals, restive Texans turned out last week for the state primary in record numbers and shook the conservative Democratic establishment from top to bottom. When the spring cleaning was over, the discard pile included Governor Preston Smith, Lieutenant Governor Ben Barnes, 78 state legislators and scores of other veteran local officeholders.

Bright, blue-eyed Ben Barnes, 34, was the most astonishing casualty. Once marked as presidential timber by Lyndon Baines Johnson, and a "golden boy" protégé of Treasury Secretary John Connally, Barnes nonetheless was hurt by revelations of high-level wheeling



FARENTHOLD GREETING SUPPORTERS
Out went the rascals.

and dealing in the state capital. The most sensational was the implication of Governor Smith and former Texas House Speaker Gus Mutscher, among others, in a stock-fraud case (TIME, Feb. 15, 1971). Barnes was not directly involved, but after subsequent investigations exposed flagrant cases of nepotism (one legislator had five relatives on various payrolls) and misuse of state funds (another bought a pickup truck partly with \$1,200 in state-purchased postage stamps), the disenchanted voters were in no mood for quibbling. "They threw the rascals out," moaned Barnes, "and me with them."

That paved the way for Frances ("Sissy") Farenthold, 46, a feisty Corpus Christi lawyer and state legislator, to make her bid for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination. Entering the race just three months before the primary, she finished a surprising second and will face Rancher-Banker Dolph Briscoe, 48, in a June 3 runoff. Unlike Briscoe, a conservative Democrat who has not been politically active since an unsuccessful try for Governor in 1968, Sissy has been on the ramparts. During her two terms in the legislature, she was known as "the den mother of the Dirty Thirty," a coalition of reform-minded legislators who fought against the heavily-handed leadership of Speaker Mutscher. At first glance her candidacy seems hardly promising: a liberal in conservative country, a Catholic in the Baptist heartland—and an advocate of busing, liberalized abortion and marijuana laws, a state tax on corporate profits, elimination of the Texas Rangers and greater representation for blacks and Chicanos.

Given the climate for change, however, few political observers are ready to write off the chances of a candidate like Sissy. "The mood for real political reform in Texas is as strong as it has ever been," admits one veteran Democratic leader, "and where it will all end is not yet clear."

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Intimations of Miami

George McGovern showed early foot. Hubert Humphrey rallied and faded. Ed Muskie made a late surge. A hotly contested primary? No, a hotly contested mock political convention at Washington and Lee University in Lexington, Va., the booming of the quadrennial campus mass ventures into political prediction. Washington and Lee's convention also has the best record for accuracy. Since visiting Speaker William Jennings Bryan inspired their first mock convention in 1908, the student delegates have correctly predicted the presidential nominee for the out-of-power party a remarkable ten of 14 times. It has been 60 years, in fact, since they were wrong about a Democrat.

This year's extravaganza got under way with a parade down Lexington's main street with bands, floats and real live jackasses. George Wallace's float, naturally, was a yellow school bus loaded with his mock delegates toting serious placards: REDNECK POWER. Another realistic touch was a token mob riding in a Jeep bearing the sign: MOCK

ROBERT LOCKHART



WASHINGTON & LEE MOCK CONVENTION
Right ten out of 14 times.

RIOTS, CHAOS. The parade was followed by a keynote speech by Georgia Governor Jimmy Carter that was received, reported the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, with "remarkably convincing mock boredom."

The voting was tougher than usual this year, what with a crowd of candidates, eleven more real primaries still to go, a revised set of party rules and an expanded electorate. For months the 1,000 student delegates (out of a student enrollment of 1,600) had been conferring with Democratic leaders in all 50 states. Throughout last week's balloting, mock state chairmen sought ad-

vice by telephone from the same experts on how to vote, when to switch. After the appropriate hoopla, nominating speeches and floor demonstrations, the roll call got under way ("The great State of West Virginia, home of Jerry West, Don Knotts and Soupy Sales, casts its 35 votes..."). On the first roll call, McGovern started strongly with 1,205 of the 1,509 votes needed for the nomination, climbed to 1,355 on the second, and then fell into a seeming deadlock with Humphrey, who eventually gave way to Muskie. Finally, after twelve hours and seven roll calls, the mock delegates settled on the nominee: Ted Kennedy.

NEW YORK

The Abortion Issue

Abortion is fast becoming one of the most volatile issues in U.S. politics. While it singled George McGovern in the Nebraska primary last week, it exploded in New York, involving the President of the U.S., Governor Nelson Rockefeller, anxious state legislators up for re-election and a prince of the Roman Catholic Church.

The spark was a move in the Albany legislature to repeal the state's two-year-old liberalized abortion law. One of the broadest in the U.S., it permits legal abortions by doctors on women in the first 24 weeks of pregnancy; there have been 350,000 legal abortions in New York City alone under the law. For more than a year, opponents—including Catholic-dominated Right to Life groups, some Protestants and Orthodox Jews—have been buttonholing legislators, conducting letter-writing campaigns and otherwise mustering support for the repeal bill. With the backing of Terence Cardinal Cooke, Archbishop of New York, abortion was condemned from pulpits throughout the archdiocese. As debate on the repeal bill neared, busloads of anti-abortionists arrived in Albany to demonstrate outside the Capitol. Some carried signs; others made speeches equating abortion with infanticide and upholding the right of the fetus to life. Some of the tactics went even further. State Senator Sidney von Luther, a black from Manhattan who supports the liberalized law, complained of middle-of-the-night telephone calls that "frightened my wife because the callers questioned her morality."

Enter the President. The White House is keenly aware that mail has recently been running 5 to 1 against the pro-abortion recommendations of the President's panel on population control chaired by Nelson Rockefeller's elder brother John. Public-opinion polls have shown that abortion is still unacceptable to large numbers of Americans. Nixon Speechwriter Patrick Buchanan, seeing the New York debate as an opportunity for the President to put his anti-abor-

tion views on record once more to political advantage, suggested that he do so in a letter to Cardinal Cooke. Nixon agreed, intervening boldly in the kind of state-legislative uproar he usually avoids. The letter, endorsing the repeal movement and calling it a "noble endeavor," was released by the Cardinal's office—with tacit, if not explicit, White House approval.

The President's letter surprised Cardinal Cooke and embarrassed Rockefeller, who had backed a substitute bill permitting abortions up to 16 weeks af-



ASSEMBLYMAN SHOWING FETUS
A stinging veto.

ter conception. The fury of pro-abortion forces ripped through Republican suburban strongholds and cut across party lines. In an effort to repair the damage, Presidential Assistant John Ehrlichman lamely explained that the unsolicited letter was meant to be private and had been released only because of "sloppy staff work." Few were convinced.

But some were obviously influenced. First, the assembly, with several representatives switching sides, passed the repeal bill 79 to 68. Then, following a debate during which an abortion opponent passed out pictures of aborted fetuses and a proponent waved wire coat hangers, which can be used for deadly do-it-yourself abortions, the Senate followed suit. But the repeal effort proved unsuccessful—at least for this year. Rockefeller, who supported the liberal abortion law two years ago, vetoed the repeal bill, and matched the deed with a stinging message: "I do not believe it is right for one group to impose its vision of morality on an entire society," he wrote. Repeal, he said, "would not end abortions, it would only end abortions under safe and supervised medical conditions. Every woman has the right to make her own choice."



SOVIET PARTY CHIEF BREZHNEV ON VISIT TO PARIS LAST YEAR



DEFENSE MINISTER GRECHKO

THE WORLD

SOVIET UNION

Why the Russians Do What They Do

As he sat through one long emergency session of the 15-man Politburo after another, Leonid Brezhnev may well have felt a twinge of envy at Richard Nixon's evident power to make quick foreign policy decisions on his own. Despite his pre-eminence as Secretary General of the Soviet Communist Party, Brezhnev is a member of a collective leadership whose decisions are reached only by consensus. Last week those deliberations were especially arduous, as Russia's ruling council coped with its most complex challenge in a decade: how to respond to the U.S.'s mining of North Vietnamese harbors.

Nixon's move forced the U.S.S.R. to choose between ideological commitment and pragmatic self-interest—and self-interest, apparently, determined that the initial response be a comparatively mild one. The U.S. action had threatened an ally of the Soviet Union that claims to be embarked upon that purest of Communist crusades, a national war of liberation. On ideological grounds, Hanoi clearly qualifies for an extraordinary amount of comradely assistance, and has received it partly because Russia wants to keep North Viet Nam out of Peking's orbit of influence. But an overly harsh Soviet reaction would imperil its more important prospects of improving relations with the capitalist West—and might lead to a military showdown with the U.S. in a part of the world where geography does not work to Russian advantage.

Still another problem facing the Soviet leadership was how Russia, as a world superpower, could give a mea-

sured response to the crisis without seeming to be indecisive or impotent. A decade ago, the Soviet Union was compelled by the threat of vastly superior U.S. arms to back down in Cuba. Russia has now reached parity with the U.S. in weaponry, but it has also built up a network of global obligations and offsetting commitments that serve as a check on any adventurist impulses.

Peacetime Policy. For Brezhnev and the other Russian leaders, the latest Viet Nam crisis could hardly have come at a more crucial moment. Under his guidance, the Soviet Union has begun the broadest peacetime policy of accommodation and conciliation with Western Europe and the U.S. since the Bolsheviks seized power in 1917. Brezhnev's own prestige, and perhaps his position as party leader, is linked to the success of that policy. Within the next few days, two important diplomatic developments are scheduled to take place. One is the visit of Nixon to Moscow; the other, or so the Kremlin hopes, is West Germany's ratification of the treaties of Warsaw and Moscow, which acknowledge Soviet hegemony in Eastern Europe (see following story).

Despite the worries in Washington about how the Kremlin would react to the mining, some Sovietologists were not surprised that the initial Russian reaction was a relatively moderate statement of disapproval that jeopardized neither the West German vote nor Nixon's visit. The Soviets did their best to maintain a business-as-usual attitude. For example, Marshal Andrei Grechko, the Defense Minister, flew to Syria for

a four-day visit. The reason is that for the past three years, Moscow's foreign policy has been based on three major considerations:

FEAR OF CHINA. The Russians, who keep 44 divisions backed by nuclear missiles near the Sino-Soviet border, have been obsessed by fear of the Chinese threat since the border battles along the Ussuri River in 1969. They are even more alarmed by the prospect of a Washington-Peking alliance that would leave Russia isolated. Hence the Russians are reluctant to undertake any action that could either completely alienate the U.S. or give the U.S. and China a common cause.

CONCERN FOR DÉTENTE. The Soviets apparently believe that their own position, both economic and political, will ultimately be strengthened by improving relations with Western Europe—provided that those relations do not cause an erosion of Soviet power at home and in the East bloc. Accordingly, the Russians are seeking to present the image of a benign and reliable neighbor to Western Europeans, who fear an eventual U.S. military pullout and are eager to strike as favorable a deal as possible with the Russians while Moscow is still willing to bargain. The underlying Soviet political motive, however, is not exactly benign. It is to stabilize Europe along its present borders and create an atmosphere of relaxed tensions that would accelerate U.S. military withdrawals, thus leaving Moscow the dominant superpower in Europe. Moscow is therefore most interested in the proposed Conference on European Security.

ty, at which the nations of Europe, plus the U.S. and Canada, would—if the Russians have their way—agree to recognize the present borders in Central and Eastern Europe that were carved out by the Red Army in World War II.

BETTER U.S. RELATIONS. The Russians still suffer from a deep-seated ambivalence toward the U.S. They do not mind seeing the U.S. bled in Viet Nam, but they also want to create a new basis for doing business with Washington. In any crunch, the Soviets are almost certain to opt for better relations. In addition to their fears of U.S.-Chinese collusion, the Soviets are motivated by economic self-interest in wanting to bring the nuclear arms race under control via the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks, now under way in Helsinki. A first-phase pact covering anti-ballistic missiles and an agreement setting ceilings on the number of offensive missiles could be signed at the Moscow summit. The Russians would also like to have U.S. economic and technological help.

To a greater degree than in most other countries, Soviet foreign policy aims arise from domestic needs. One reason for Nikita Khrushchev's fall from power was his boundless, and groundless, belief in the Soviet ability to overtake the U.S. economically. By contrast, Brezhnev, Premier Aleksei Kosygin and other party leaders are aware that their country is falling ever farther behind the West in technology. The Soviet leaders realize that they need Western technology and long-term credit to help overcome their country's backwardness and to open up the rich petroleum and other mineral deposits in Siberia. Russia has an even more basic reason for turning westward: food. Because of frost damage in the Ukraine and other areas, the U.S.S.R. expects an exceptionally poor harvest of winter wheat this year. It needs the pending wheat sales from the U.S., the largest since the cold war began, to help feed its people during the next year.

Marxist Vision. Aside from such considerations, the Soviet response to Viet Nam is likely to be tempered by Moscow's conviction that its side is winning in Southeast Asia. In all likelihood, the Kremlin regards Nixon's quarantine of North Viet Nam as a last-ditch effort that will have no decisive effect on the outcome of the war. Hence the Soviets can afford to be patient; they are confident that Hanoi possesses sufficient equipment and will power to win such decisive victories on the ground that Nixon will have no choice except to sweep up his mines and go home.

Such a scenario fits in nicely for propaganda purposes with Marxist tenets about the death throes of imperialism and the inevitable victory of Communism. Yet even if the situation does not work out exactly that way, it would be quite unlikely that the Soviets would use their own military might in Viet Nam to try to prove the correctness of the Marxist dogma.

WEST GERMANY

The Crisis Continues

The lengthy, tension-ridden debate over Chancellor Willy Brandt's *Ostpolitik* has faced West Germany's Christian Democratic Union with an unhappy dilemma. For nearly two years they have been saying that they would never vote for the Treaties of Moscow and Warsaw, which are essential to Brandt's hopes of easing tensions with Bonn's Communist neighbors. Now that the treaties have been put forward for ratification, however, the C.D.U. does not want to bear the onus of killing them, since the pacts have become the keys to further progress in East-West détente. But Brandt's coalition of Social Democrats and Free Democrats no longer has a clear majority in the Bundestag—which means that passage of the treaties is up to the C.D.U.

In search of a solution, Christian Democrat Leader Rainer Barzel two weeks ago agreed to a government proposal that appeared to be a reasonable compromise: a joint interpretation of treaties by the four parliamentary parties that would overcome the objections of the C.D.U. and those of its Bavarian allies, the Christian Social Union. Rather than see his *Ostpolitik* go down to almost certain defeat, Brandt postponed the vote for a week to enable all sides to work out a joint declaration.

Last week, on the day before the vote, Barzel and a C.S.U. representative met with Brandt and Foreign Minister Walter Scheel, the leader of the Free Democrats, in the Chancellor's home on Venusberg. Also present was Soviet Ambassador Valentin Falin.

Over tea and coffee, the four German leaders agreed to a ten-point declaration, which Falin tentatively approved pending final confirmation from Moscow. The declaration reassured the

opposition by stating, among other things, that the treaties, even though they renounce Bonn's claims to former German territories now held by Poland and Russia, do not prejudice the German right to a peaceful reunification and do not establish a legal basis for the present borders.

Later that day, however, while Barzel was trying to swing C.D.U. hard-liners behind the declaration, a message came from Brandt's office that the Soviets had raised objections to the statement. Barzel, who has a reputation for being a cool operator, was visibly shaken. Ashen-faced, he left the caucus, muttering, "I don't understand." In his absence, a rumor raced through the opposition ranks that the Soviets had rejected the declaration out of hand.

Further Delay. By midnight Ambassador Falin had cleared up Moscow's legalistic objections. But by then most of West Germany's morning newspapers had gone to press with headlines telling of the supposed Soviet intransigence. As the Bundestag assembled for the vote the next morning, it was evident that Barzel had lost control of his party, which was lining up against the treaties. Taking the floor, Brandt pleaded for a delay. Brandt imprudently pressed for a vote, but after balloting on a procedural issue ended in a deadlock, he agreed to yet another postponement and set the vote on the treaties for this week. That respite would presumably give Barzel, who at week's end was collecting support from the C.D.U.'s conservatives, enough time to reassert his control over the party. If he succeeds, the treaties will surely be passed.

Even so, Bonn's parliamentary crisis still will not be solved. Though the Christian Democrats may help ratify the pacts, they intend to seek the overthrow of the Brandt coalition on the next order of government business—the passage of a new budget.

BARZEL ADDRESSING BUNDESTAG AS BRANDT & SCHEEL (LEFT) LISTEN



GEO. ROEHL/BLACK STAR

ITALY

Forward to the Past

Designer Emilio Pucci, who is as earnest about politics as he is about fashion, lost his Liberal seat in the Chamber of Deputies in spite of a campaign in which he averaged four speeches a day. Communist Novelist-Painter Carlo Levi (*Christ Stopped at Eboli*) was dropped from the Senate. On the other hand, Franco Maria Malfatti, a former president of the Common Market Commission, was easily re-elected a Christian Democratic Deputy. Admiral Gino Birindelli, until recently commander of NATO's Mediterranean naval forces and now the darling of Italy's right, also won a seat in the Chamber

forward by the M.S.I. But Interior Minister Mario Rumor, a former Christian Democratic Premier, mounted a shrewd law-and-order campaign of his own, with some well-publicized round-ups of political troublemakers and seizures of gun, bomb and ammunition caches. Another former Premier, Amintore Fanfani, barnstormed across Italy plugging his party's less-than-catchy slogan "Forward to the Center!" The Christian Democrats lost only fractionally in their share of the total popular vote (38.8%, down .3% from 1968), held all their 135 seats in the Senate and raised their total in the Chamber of Deputies from 266 to 267.

The Communists, Italy's second largest party, gained slightly in the popular vote and picked up two seats in the Chamber, raising their total to 179. But their close ideological allies, the Proletarian Socialists, lost all 23 of their seats. Proportionately, the big winners were the slightly left-of-center Republicans, who now have 14 seats in the Chamber (a gain of five) and five in the Senate (a gain of three), and the right-wing M.S.I. and Monarchists, who running together doubled their Senate Representation (from 13 to 26) and did almost as well in the Chamber (from 30 to 56).

The major problem facing Italy is how to create a viable government from such inconclusive results. The man most likely to get the first chance at tackling it is Giulio Andreotti, 53, Premier since February and head of the caretaker government that has run the country, so to speak, since early elections were called two months ago. Andreotti will probably first try to shape a center-left coalition of Christian Democrats, Republicans, Social Democrats and Socialists. If that fails, Andreotti may ask the Chamber to accept a *monocolore* (one-party) government of Christian Democrats, or turn the task of Cabinet-building over to another potential Premier—which would be clear proof that Italy was politically no better off than it had been before the elections.

fore nationalist rhetoric. In a highly emotional anti-Market campaign, Sinn Féin (Gaelic for "We Ourselves") distributed almost 1,000,000 pamphlets urging voters "once and for all to break the link with England by voting no to England's interests." One anti-Market billboard showed an ugly, cigar-chomping German industrialist saying "We need your little daughter in the Ruhr," a reference to the prospect that unemployed Irish workers might have to seek jobs on the Continent. Labor unions worried about "the oppressive open competition of European industrial society."

Despite those fears, the hard fact remained that Ireland outside the EEC would have to "plow the lonely furrow of the Atlantic," as one pro-Market



ANDREOTTI CASTING BALLOT
The voters decided nothing.

of Deputies, representing the neo-Fascist Movimento Sociale Italiano.

Those were a few of the gains and losses recorded last week as 37 million Italian voters—93.1% of the eligible electorate—went to the polls. It was the first time since 1924 that the nation had been called to an election before the end of a five-year parliamentary term—and essentially it decided nothing. Disgusted by a decade of ineffective revolving-door Cabinets, most Italians nevertheless fell back on old allegiances once they went into voting booths. As a result, most of the ten major parties emerged from the campaign much as they had entered it—and Italy faced the prospect of another round of shaky coalition governments.

The Christian Democrats, Italy's most powerful party for a quarter-century, remain exactly that. At one point, the party had been expected to lose anywhere from 10 to 30 seats in the Chamber of Deputies, largely because of the vociferous law-and-order campaign put



PRIME MINISTER JACK LYNCH
Farewell to a Celtic twilight.

put it. Nearly two-thirds of Irish exports go to Britain, and they would face a prohibitive tariff wall if that country, as is now expected, joined the EEC. Irishmen stand to benefit from higher Continental prices for their beef and lamb, and from an influx of industries, mostly American, seeking a European base. More than 200 companies indicated that they would invest in Ireland if the referendum was favorable.

The large majority was a massive expression of public confidence in Lynch. The Prime Minister, who is no friend of the I.R.A., might now use his added political stature to clamp down on the organization, whose officers in Dublin direct the terror campaign in Northern Ireland. That could conceivably lead to closer cooperation between Dublin and London in seeking a long-range political solution to the troubles of Ulster.

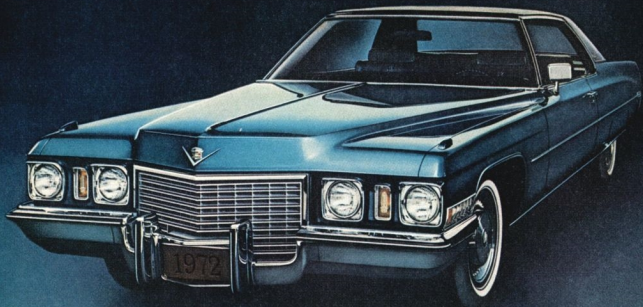
As the first of three scheduled referendums in countries that have applied to join the Common Market, Ireland's

IRELAND

Yes to Europe

Ireland last week voted overwhelmingly to join the European Common Market. The more than 4-to-1 margin of approval in a national referendum was a considerable triumph for Prime Minister Jack Lynch, who had campaigned aggressively for a yes vote—and a defeat for Sinn Féin, the political wing of the Irish Republican Army, which opposed entry. The vote ensures that Ireland will become a member of the enlarged European Economic Community next Jan. 1, and will not, as Lynch had warned, face a future "lost in the mists of a Celtic twilight."

The voters put economic reality be-



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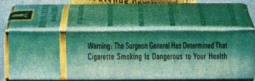
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vote last week may carry influence far beyond its borders. Norway will have a referendum in September. Its farmers and fishermen feel sufficiently threatened by Common Market competition that recent polls show a majority against membership—though the Norwegian Storting, or Parliament, will make the final decision. Denmark will hold a binding referendum in October; polls show 48% of the population favoring entry, only 28% opposed, and 24% undecided. The ringing yes from Ireland can only hearten pro-Market politicians in both countries.

ISRAEL

Battle of Flight 517

Sabena Flight 517 from Brussels to Tel Aviv was 20 minutes out of Vienna last week when two Arabs waving pistols rushed the cockpit. "As you can see," Captain Reginald Levy calmly informed his 90 passengers, "we have friends aboard." The friends—the men and two women, who produced explosives from under their skirts—were members of a Palestinian guerrilla organization called Black September.* Their audacious plan: to land the Boeing 707 at Tel Aviv and embarrass Israel by threatening to blow up the plane on a Lod Airport runway unless 317 imprisoned fedayeen were released.

Levy's radioed alert that his plane had been commandeered rang top-level alarms in Israel. Defense Minister Moshe Dayan and Chief of Staff General David Elazar hurried to the airport to supervise the troops mustered to meet the jet. As soon as Levy touched down in the Tel Aviv dusk and rolled to an isolated runway, mechanics at Dayan's orders immobilized the plane by deflating its tires and draining the hydraulic system.

*The leader of the group, who called himself Captain Rafat, was later identified as Ali Taha, 34, a onetime Jerusalem tour guide and seasoned skyjacker. In 1968 he helped divert an El Al jet to Algeria, and two years later participated in one of the fedayeen's most spectacular feats: the simultaneous skyjacking of three jets to the Jordanian desert.

After presenting their demands for the prisoners' release to Lod's control tower, the skyjackers were alarmed to discover that they could not take off again. Emotionally, they kissed one another goodbye and prepared to detonate the explosives. Levy started a conversation to calm them down, and kept on chatting through the night. "I talked about everything under the sun," he said later, "from navigation to sex."

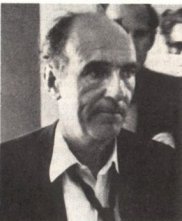
Next morning, in response to Levy's plea, Dayan promised to prepare the plane for takeoff and produce the fedayeen. A group of bogus prisoners were shown to the skyjackers from a distance and Dayan had an airplane taken out to a runway, supposedly to fly the released fedayeen to Cairo. From the control tower, one of the "prisoners"—actually an Arabic-speaking Israeli soldier—lulled the skyjackers: "They tell me I'm being sent to Cairo. Is that true? Praised be Allah." Meanwhile, out of sight, commandos were practicing assault tactics on a 707. When they were able to force the doors, swing aboard and start shooting in 90 seconds, Elazar deemed them ready. His "ground crew" approached the jet, allowed themselves to be frisked by Red Cross negotiators who had been called in at Arab request. No pistols turned up in the search; they had been hidden in

boots or tool boxes. Suddenly the "mechanics" burst into the plane with guns blazing. The two male skyjackers died from bullets in the head and one of the two women was wounded. In all, the action took precisely 90 seconds.

Israelis hailed the jet's recapture as a military victory—and as an example of how other nations ought to handle skyjacking. Dayan himself was host at a dinner for Levy, a British citizen with a Jewish father and a Christian mother who was celebrating his 50th birthday. Prime Minister Golda Meir later threw a second dinner for all the participants. She kissed Levy and cried, "We love you." Publicly, Mrs. Meir justified the recapture, citing "the terrible significance of submission" to terrorism.

Elsewhere the response was less enthusiastic. The International Air Line Pilots Association protested the danger to passengers in such go-for-broke shootouts. As it happened, three aboard Flight 517 had been wounded. One 22-year-old Israeli was in critical condition; she had leaped up in panic when the firing started and was shot in the head by a commando who mistook her for one of the Arabs. The International Red Cross angrily cried that it had been duped by the Israelis. Arabs nevertheless accused the agency of complicity. In Beirut, where Red Cross week was in progress, volunteers soliciting donations were attacked on the street by Black September supporters.

PILOT LEVY AFTER RELEASE



AUSTRIA

Kidnaping at the Border

Four years ago, toward the end of the liberal regime of Alexander Dubček in Prague, a Czechoslovak electrician named Jaromir Masaryk, then 24, emigrated to South Africa. Last month Masaryk (no kin to Founding Father Tomáš Masaryk) returned to Europe on a holiday, hoping to introduce his South African wife Patty, 22, to his parents, who still live in Brno.

When the Masaryks applied for visas at the Czechoslovak legation in Vienna, however, only Patty was granted

ISRAELI COMMANDOS DRESSED IN MECHANICS' UNIFORMS FORCING DOORS OF SABENA JET TO BATTLE SKYJACKERS





CZECHOSLOVAK GUARDS DRAG MASARYK ACROSS BORDER, AS HIS WIFE (RIGHT) FOLLOWS

permission to enter the country. The couple decided that Patty should go alone to Brno, where she would pick up her mother-in-law, then drive her to the Austrian-Czechoslovak border post near Drasenhofen, 40 miles north of Vienna. At least, the Masaryks reasoned, mother and son would be able to see each other from a distance and perhaps shoot a few words of greeting.

Two weeks ago, Masaryk was at the Austrian frontier post scanning the horizon for an approaching car. While he waited, he walked into the no man's land and across a short bridge over a stream that separates the two nations and spoke briefly to a Communist sentry. But then, as he turned and ran back across the bridge in sudden fright, he was shot and wounded by Czechoslovak guards. Austrian customs officials—and, by chance, a passing photographer (see cut)—watched in horror as the guards chased Masaryk into Austria, beat him and dragged him bleeding into Czechoslovak territory. Just at that moment, Patty Masaryk arrived by car at the border post. Realizing what was happening, she grabbed her husband by the legs and tried to free him. Neither Jaromir nor Patty Masaryk has been seen since.

Huffy Reply. The Austrian Foreign Ministry protested the incident and demanded that the Masaryks be returned. The Czechoslovaks admitted to a "slight" infringement of Austrian territory but justified Masaryk's seizure on the grounds that he had tried to talk a guard into defecting and had been guilty of other "provocations" at the border post. When the Foreign Ministry in Vienna rejected the explanation as "unsatisfactory," Czechoslovak Party Boss Gustáv Husák huffily upbraided the Austrians for their "incredible hysteria over an incident without importance." The Austrians, who have rarely been so enraged over a border incident, were considering recalling their ambassador from Prague. They were also repeating a bitter joke, imported from Czechoslovakia, about a man who committed suicide. His last words were: "Don't shoot, comrades!"

BURUNDI

Revolt of the Hutu

For all its verdant, mountainous beauty, the tiny African nation of Burundi (pop. 4,000,000) has a bloodied and tragic history. Untold thousands have been killed in both Burundi and its neighboring sister-state of Rwanda during periodic tribal wars involving the Hutu majority and the tall, legendary Tutsi overlords. Last week Burundi was recovering from a brief but violent civil war that left an estimated 10,000 dead—including the country's last Tutsi King—and at least 500,000 homeless.

The King was 25-year-old Ntare V, who had returned to Burundi in March after spending six years in exile. Ntare came home after receiving assurances from the man who deposed him, President Michel Micombero, who is also a Tutsi, that he would be free to live in Burundi "as an ordinary citizen." But as soon as Ntare reached the Burundi capital of Bujumbura, he was whisked off by helicopter to the old royal capital of Kitega and placed under house arrest in his former palace. When thousands of Hutu tribesmen revolted a month later, they stormed the palace and killed the trapped Tutsi King.

At first Micombero insisted that the uprising was a plot by Tutsi royalists who were trying to free the King. Soon, though, it became clear that the rebels were Hutu revolutionaries whose real aim was to overthrow the Micombero government.

Saveage fighting spread throughout the country. In the south, armed bands of Hutus seized control of the towns of Bururi and Rumonge and killed hundreds of Tutsi. On the shore of Lake Tanganyika, a force of 600 rebels occupied the town of Nyanza-Lac and drove off low-flying military planes with cascades of fire. "Everywhere," reported one pilot, "you see dead bodies."

At that point, President Mobutu Sese Seko of Zaire (formerly known as the Congo) decided to help Micombero by airlifting to Burundi a planeload of

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veterans from his own army. Among other things, Mobutu wanted to get rid of a handful of onetime Congolese rebels—the notorious Simbas—who had paddled across Lake Tanganyika and joined in the fighting on the Hutu side. Mobutu's tough troops enabled the loyalist forces to put down the rebellion. Last week the Burundi radio announced that all leaders of the aborted coup had been captured—and appealed to the world for food and medical supplies.

OKINAWA

Liberation with a Qualm

To many Americans over 40, a simple ceremony in Tokyo this week will perhaps serve as a strange and vaguely reassuring reminder of how shallow are the tracks of former wars. During 82 savage and bloody spring days in 1945, 12,300 American servicemen died in the closing months of the Pacific war for the control of Okinawa, a 60-mile-long island in the East China Sea. Early this week, in the gardens of the Imperial Palace, Vice President Spiro Agnew is to read a presidential proclamation, signed by Richard Nixon, that will end the U.S. military occupation of Okinawa and 140 other islands of the Ryukyu chain. For both nations this reversion to Japanese control will resolve what Agnew describes as "the last major issue of the war."

On Okinawa (pop. 1,000,000), worshippers at a memorial service in front of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Naha, the island capital, will give thanks to the spirits of the dead for the return of sovereignty to the motherland. But there will probably not be a repetition of the dancing in the streets or displays of fireworks that accompanied the first reports in late 1969 that the U.S. was getting ready to return political control to Tokyo. Even though most Okinawans welcome the change, they have had time enough for uneasy second thoughts about their island's future. "After all," Okinawan Banker Hiroshi Senaga told TIME Correspondent Frank Iwama, "the younger generation was brought up under U.S. administration, and the older generation knows only the discriminatory policies of Tokyo that made prewar Okinawa a second-class prefecture of Japan."

Raising Income. The changeover will affect almost every aspect of island life. Pay telephones are being fitted to take ten-yen coins instead of nickels; price tags and taximeters are being adjusted. Road signs will soon be changed from miles to kilometers, and eventually drivers will have to learn to use the left-hand side of the street. In what the Bank of Japan describes as the biggest shipment of money in history, a cargo of 54 billion yen (about \$180 million) in bank notes and coins reached Okinawa secretly last month in preparation for a massive conversion of cur-



The Corolla 1600 to the left sets you back the least. \$2181* to be exact. It's the smallest of the group. Still, four good-sized people can pile in without playing sardines.

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THE WORLD

rency. The islanders are being permitted to exchange most of their U.S. money at the pre-revaluation rate of 360 yen to the dollar (v. 302 at the current rate).

One major problem for the Japanese is how to strengthen Okinawa's economy, which is still heavily dependent on U.S. military spending. To improve the island's unfavorable trade balance (\$102 million in exports last year, v. \$424 million in imports), the government has urged Japanese firms to open Okinawan branches. Most U.S. firms now on the island expect to remain. As an additional boost, the government plans to hold a huge International Ocean Exposition in 1975 and expects to spend about \$1 billion on roads, buildings and other facilities that will continue to help the economy when the exposition is over.

Despite the political changeover, the U.S. military presence—which in-

cludes 43,000 servicemen and 24,000 dependents at 88 installations—will remain for the foreseeable future. The Okinawan response to this fact is somewhat paradoxical. Island workers at the U.S. bases have joined in protests against the continuing American presence, while complaining at the same time about cuts in the labor forces at the bases. One union leader explained that the workers favor a military-free Okinawa. "But in the meantime," he argued, "we have to eat, you know."



AGNEW ARRIVING IN TOKYO*
Resolving the last issue.

Under terms of the U.S.-Japan Security Pact, the U.S. will no longer be able to use its Okinawa bases to house nuclear weapons or for supplying U.S. forces in Viet Nam. In practice, however, the Japanese are resigned to the fact that the bases will still be used in an indirect way for Viet Nam operations.

*With U.S. Ambassador Robert Ingersoll and Japanese Premier Eisaku Sato.

From now on, the Japanese Self-Defense Force will assume the principal responsibility for defending the island. Some 2,900 S.D.F. troops will be on duty there by the end of the year, including an antisubmarine unit and an F-104 fighter squadron stationed at an airbase

in Naha. The Tokyo government is moving cautiously, but already it too has become the target of Okinawa's antiwar fervor. "The heat is off the U.S. military," says Seishiro Hokama, editor of Naha's *Ryukyu Shimpō* newspaper. "It has been transferred to the Japanese forces. The S.D.F. will not be popular here." Adds Ryoshin Nakayoshi, head of the Government Workers Union: "We are going to fight against turning Okinawa into the advance base for Japanese militarism."

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

No More İnönü

As war hero, Premier and President, İsmet İnönü has occupied center stage in Turkish politics for more than half a century. He helped modern Turkey's founding father, Kemal Atatürk, win the country's battle for independence in 1923, and succeeded him as President in 1938. After 1950, when he was defeated for the presidency, İnönü continued to rule the Republican People's Party with an iron hand. Last week, at the age of 87, Turkey's elder statesman was finally forced into retirement.

The revolt against İnönü was led by his protégé and heir apparent, Bülent Ecevit. When Turkey's elected government was toppled last year by a military coup, İnönü and Ecevit disagreed over the future course of party policy. Ecevit resigned as the Republican People's secretary-general, and İnönü, perhaps unwisely, called the party to an extraordinary congress last week for a vote of confidence. "Either you choose me or him," İnönü told members. By a vote of 709 to 503, they chose Ecevit.

Even though he is deaf and almost blind, İnönü will be missed in the corridors of power. Because of his vast prestige as a national hero, İnönü was probably the only Turkish politician with enough stature to apply a moderating pressure on the generals, who may now be tempted to take an even greater role in the country's internal affairs in order to crack down on leftist dissent.

A Massive Rejection

"Our analysis will be entirely impartial," said Lord Pearce, the retired British jurist, when the 20-member Pearce Commission ended its eight-week fact-finding mission in Rhodesia in March. The commission's task was to determine whether or not Rhodesians favored an agreement worked out by Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith and British Foreign Secretary Sir Alec Douglas-Home to end the seven-year-old dispute over independence. The agreement called for British recognition of Smith's white-supremacist government and a snail's-pace apportionment of political power to Rhodesia's 5,000,000 blacks.

Two weeks ago, the Pearce Commission turned its completed report over to Douglas-Home. Though it would not be officially released until the end of the month, the word is already out that the commission found that "the people of Rhodesia as a whole" reject the settlement, and that black Africans "massively reject" it.

The report's conclusions constitute a rebuke to Smith, whose popularity among Rhodesia's whites has been declining recently. Last week in Salisbury he called a press conference to denounce the Pearce Commission as "a complete and utter farce." The findings also present a dilemma for Britain. Conceivably, Prime Minister Edward Heath could ignore the report and go ahead with the proposed settlement—thereby risking a violent reaction from Rhodesia's black majority as well as a bitter parliamentary debate. The only alternative would be to go back to the drawing board in search of a new settlement.

Samba Over the Waters

When the U.S. and Brazil began their latest round of talks on American fishing rights in Brazilian coastal waters three months ago, Brazil's Minister Ronaldo Costa hummed a few bars of a popular samba for U.S. Ambassador Donald McKernan:

*Take your boat off my sea
Go throw your net over there
Fishermen with green eyes
Go fish somewhere else
This sea is mine!*

"Is that the tune we're going to hear?" asked McKernan. It was indeed. Last week, when the two nations announced a territorial waters agreement, it was clear that Brazil had sambaded away with the talks.

Under the terms of the pact, the U.S. maintains in principle that it does not recognize Brazil's claim to 200-mile offshore sovereignty, but in fact it did just that. Up to 160 American-owned vessels at a time will be allowed to fish the rich shrimp waters along Brazil's coast. The U.S. accepted Brazil's right to board, search and seize shrimp boats that have committed infractions. Furthermore the U.S. will pay the Brazilian government \$200,000 to help defray the costs of surveillance.



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CANADIAN MIST

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PEOPLE

"My letters are often sold not as literature but as the material relics of a modern saint," wrote **George Bernard Shaw** to a friend. "Often, some impecunious journalist asks me to refuse [his requests for material] on an insulting postcard, so that he can dispose of it to a collector for the price of a meal." That particular letter brought the price of a pretty good meal—\$250—at an auction of G.B.S. letters and memorabilia at Manhattan's Parke-Bernet Galleries. A total of \$41,900 was paid for the 165 lots—including \$4,250 for a packet of 19 love letters from young Shaw to his "undeservedly beloved," a nurse named Alice Lockett. "I am," he wrote, "opinionated, vain, weak, ignorant, lazy and so forth." He gave her a sample in his final letter: "Lovemaking grows tedious to me—the emotion has evaporated from it. This is your fault."

"None is Fun" is the slogan of NON—the new National Organization for Non-Parents. Co-hosts at the launching in Washington were Baseball Iconoclast **Jim Bouton** (who has had two children and a vasectomy) and Theater Iconoclast **John Simon** (divorced non-father). Non-Mother's Day and Non-Father's Day will be celebrated on the appropriate days, as will anything that promotes a "child-free life-style." To that end, Bouton announced the first NON awards: to **David and Julie Eisenhower** and Congresswoman **Shirley and Conrad Chisholm** as Child-Free Couples of 1972, and to **Ralph Nader** and **Gloria Steinem** as Single Man and Single Woman of the Year. "Wonder what kind of a kid they'd produce," mused Bouton.

"Irreconcilable differences" is the term in California divorce law that covers a multitude of marital problems, and

pretty, Dutch-born Mieke Tunney, 35, has used it to sue for dissolution of her 13-year marriage to California's Democratic Senator **John V. Tunney**, 37. In addition to alimony, child support and half the community property, she is asking for custody of their three children. Tunney, claiming surprise, hurried back from California to see Mieke in Washington. Washington, equally surprised, prepared to get along without one of its most glamorous couples.

The great **Willie Mays**—a running, throwing, hitting folk hero in his own time—was back in New York City, and everyone was glad. The San Francisco Giants were glad because their failing gates would no longer have to bear the burden of Willie's \$165,000 salary (not to mention what they got in exchange: about \$100,000 and a pitcher from the New York Mets). The Mets were glad because Mays, even at 41, is still a powerful player as well as an enormous drawing card in the city where he began his career 21 years, 646 home runs and 2,857 big-league games ago. Willie, who has been trying to get a long-term contract to guarantee his future, was delighted. "It's a wonderful feeling," he said. "When you come back to New York, it's like coming back to paradise."

In *Women's Wear Daily* a few days ago, **Teddy Kennedy's** wife **Joan** bristled "at the suggestion that a political marriage is difficult to manage." Said she: "It's not a big deal at all. Politics is not a problem. It's his job. And a political wife can share it more than a woman married to a businessman who works a 9-to-5 job." But in a *Good Housekeeping* series on the wives of potential presidential candidates, Joan speaks freely of her continuing involvement in psy-



JOAN KENNEDY PLAYING PIANO
Stresses and strains.

chotherapy in response to the emotional strains and pressures she is living with, indicating, perhaps, that politics can be a problem after all.

One thing is perfectly clear: somebody sent Vice President **Spiro Agnew** a bedspread. Agnew thought it came from the Democratic Governor of Maine, Kenneth M. Curtis, and he refused to accept it because, he said, Curtis had encouraged an antiwar group that had pelted him with food last April. Not so, said Governor Curtis: "I have never sent Mr. Agnew any gifts of any kind, nor do I intend doing so." Insisted an Agnew spokesman: "We definitely received a bedspread from the Governor, and it's being returned today." Riposted Curtis: "It's amazing that in the middle of a national crisis, the Vice President would have time to even think about returning a bedspread to someone who never sent it in the first place." Eventually a retired Lewiston policeman, A.J. (Tony) Petropoulos, 89, said that he, for one, had given Mr. Agnew a bedspread and was surprised not to have received an acknowledgment. Mr. Agnew can rest easy under Mr. Petropoulos' coverlet—he is a loyal Republican.

"Mother's life seems just as fantastic to me as it must to everyone else," said Elizabeth Taylor's son, **Michael Wilding**, 19. "I really don't want any part of it. I just don't dig all those diamonds and things. I haven't seen my mother for several months, but she's always welcome here if she wants to come, of course." "Here" is a farmhouse on twelve acres in Wales, where Michael, having abandoned the \$78,000 mansion that his mother gave him, now lives in a commune with Wife Beth, Baby Leyla, six friends, an old goat and a mongrel dog named Wally.

SENATOR JOHN & MIEKE TUNNEY MAKING MUSIC TOGETHER



New Image for Mars

Man's old dream about life on Mars seemed to fade for good in 1965 when the first closeup pictures of the red planet were radioed back to earth by the U.S. spacecraft Mariner 4. The photographs revealed a barren planet that looked as dead as the moon. Lately, this view of Mars has been radically revised. Contrary to the first photographic impression, U.S. scientists told an international space conference in Madrid last week, Mars is still undergoing sharp climatic changes. Violent geological activity has left scars all across its crust and, most significant, there may be enough water on its surface to support the evolution of primitive life.

Russian Failure. These dramatic findings have come from the extraordinarily productive Mariner 9 spacecraft. Still alive and transmitting, the 1,200-lb. robot has sent back more than 6,800 pictures since it began circling the planet last November. By patiently matching and assembling these photographs, scientists at Caltech's Jet Propulsion Laboratory have put together a jigsaw-puzzle-like map of a strip of Mars extending 30° above and below the equator as well as an overall view of its south polar cap. Indeed, detailed photographs, showing features as small as 100 yards across, were among the highlights of the 15th annual session of the international Committee on Space Research, attended by more than 1,000 scientists from 35 countries.

Russian delegates had less to crow about. A Soviet TV-equipped instrument package did reach Mars last December in company with Mariner 9. The Russian ship landed safely and even began sending signals. But the intense dust storm that was buffeting the planet at the time completely obscured the view. ("If you know, for example, what London fog is like, then you have an idea what was there," explained Mikhail Marov, head of the Soviet Mars program.) After sending signals for only 20 seconds, the Russian vehicle apparently tumbled over in the high winds (perhaps as strong as 300 m.p.h.), leaving its antenna pointing in the wrong direction for any further transmissions.

High above, beyond that turbulent atmosphere, Mariner 9 had better luck. Once the storm subsided, it focused on a remarkable range of Martian features:

► An area of at least four towering volcanoes, some of which may still be showing signs of activity. They are dominated by gigantic Nix Olympica, with an upper rim estimated to be more than three times as tall as Mt. Everest, the earth's highest peak.

► Highly jumbled chaotic terrain, including many canyons, some of which seem to have been carved out by flowing water in the recent geological past.

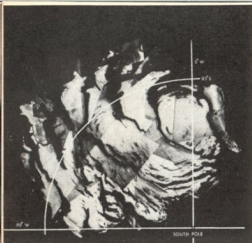
The major feature of the region is a giant gorge that is reminiscent of the Great Rift Valley in East Africa. It is 2,500 miles long, 75 miles wide and nearly four miles deep.

► A heavily cratered region, presumably pounded by meteorites, that scientists are comparing to the lunar highlands. Earlier photographs of this pock-marked area led investigators to conclude—prematurely—that Mars was a planetary version of the moon.

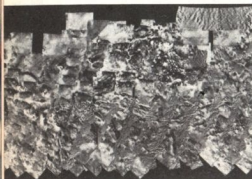
Mariner's most remarkable finding came in the south polar region. Astronomers had long been convinced that the southern polar cap consists largely of frozen carbon dioxide, and that it vanishes completely in the Martian summer only to reappear during the following winter's freeze. Closeup pictures show that in fact Mars retains a small cap near the south pole that is 200 miles in diameter even at the height of summer. Judging from the configuration of the cap—for example, its sharp edges—some scientists deduce that it may be composed of frozen water.

Wobbling Axis. If water is indeed locked inside the Martian polar caps, its presence could have profound biological implications. Since the axis of the planet slowly wobbles, or precesses, as Mars travels around the sun, the polar regions are alternately exposed to increased doses of sunlight. As a result, every 25,000 years, ice in the polar regions may well melt, releasing moisture into the Martian atmosphere and causing rains that could turn the planet's arid surface into a morass of fast-flowing rivers and streams, lakes and perhaps even short-lived seas. A more favored theory is that flash-flooding could occur when ice in the Martian soil is melted by volcanic heat. In either case, the flowing water could account for some of the canyons and perhaps even for what looks like a wave-eroded edge around Nix Olympica. Even more intriguing, the water might in the past have remained on the surface long enough in liquid form for rudimentary life to develop.

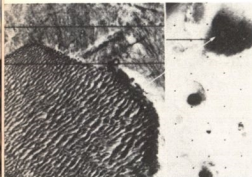
Another reading, made by Mariner's ultraviolet spectrometer, also raised hopes that some life, however simple, could exist on Mars. The instrument confirmed the presence of atmospheric ozone, the three-atom form of oxygen that is also found in the upper layers of the earth's atmosphere and acts as a crucial life-saving shield against the sun's searing ultraviolet radiation. Presumably, the ozone could play the same protective role on Mars. Indeed, the U.S. Geological Survey's Harold Masursky, a member of the Mariner team, was so excited by these discoveries that he talked openly last week of looking for fossils when men or their robot envoys finally begin to prowling the surface of the red planet.



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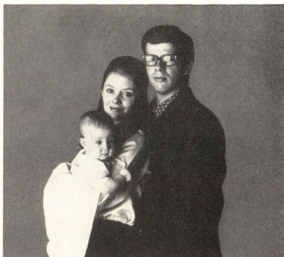
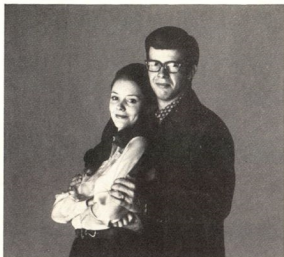
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THE PRESS

Thunder All Around

To Columnist Joseph Kraft, "President Nixon is risking almost everything to gain practically nothing" because the best the Administration can achieve is a "fig leaf for defeat." On the same day's Washington Post op-ed page, Rowland Evans and Robert Novak called the President's latest move "dangerously high-risk poker," but speculated that the pot could be rewarding in two ways: by thwarting a fresh Communist offensive in the fall while keeping the Russians far enough below the boiling point to save a Moscow-Washington agreement on nuclear-arms limitations. The Washington Star, meanwhile, declared that "the Rubicon is crossed"; therefore, "the place of this newspaper is behind the President of the United States."

In the wake of Nixon's announcement about sealing North Vietnamese ports and borders while offering new peace terms, columnists and editorialists responded last week with more than the usual thunder pro and con. Much of the language on both sides was tougher than usual. Some of it sounded as if Armageddon lay just over the horizon.

Nightmare. "Nixon has put it all on the line—the war, the election, his future and peace in our time," intoned the Chicago Daily News. "From the bottom of our hearts, we hope it works." As usual, the opposition Tribune saw it differently: "Nixon is taking a risk, but it still looks like a soundly calculated one." The same sort of editorial schizophrenia prevailed in Detroit, where the News praised "the action that took guts," while the Knight Free Press saw Nixon's televised talk as "an incredible nightmare" and asked: "Is he so insecure that he is willing to see the world blown to smithereens to avoid being the first President to lose a war?"

Rising to white heat, the New York

Times called on Congress to "curb and control" the Executive Branch: "Nixon is pushing the country very near to a constitutional crisis; Congress can yet save the President from himself and the nation from disaster." But the Times's vice president and star columnist, James Reston, pointed out that Nixon's "new and more specific peace terms may be overlooked and underestimated" in all the rhetoric. "There is nothing here about keeping American air and naval power in Viet Nam, or defending the Thieu government to the end."

Sarcasm. One paper that switched stands was the Denver Post. Noting that "we have consistently supported President Nixon's efforts to wind down the war and bring home American troops," the Post concluded that "it is not worth risking a wider war in order to save Saigon. The President has gone too far, and we hope he can find a way back." The Boston Globe resorted to sarcasm: "We hope that as the crisis develops and we approach the brink of disaster, those on the other side will show as much feeling for basic humanity as the Administration has for saving face."

Many papers rallied behind Nixon. The Richmond News Leader said that "practically every American can take pride" in Nixon's stand. Hearst's Seattle Post-Intelligencer, sometimes critical of the President in the past, now swung behind his "response to Communist aggression." New York's Daily News figured that 90% would back Nixon: "The other 10% could include kooks, would-be Presidents, Nixon-hating politicians, commentators and columnists, domestic Reds and others who have sabotaged the war effort for years and still have a right to freedom of speech and press." The Daily News came close to demanding an end to all dissent, but the nation's press showed no signs of muting the debate.

JIM LARAGY



GANNETT'S MILLER AT HEADQUARTERS

The Rochester Acquirer

The Gannett string of daily newspapers totaled only a modest 19 when its founder Frank Gannett died 15 years ago. All but three were concentrated in upstate New York. The Gannett image at the time was that of a celluloid-collar, low-budget exercise in small-city publishing, distinguished mainly by a ban on cigarette and liquor ads that reflected Gannett's personal prohibitions. Then Paul Miller took over as his boss's designated successor and the group took off. Today the Gannett Co., Inc. owns 52 dailies and 14 weeklies, more than any other U.S. chain, and the end of its expansion is nowhere in sight.

Gannett papers now serve state capitals as far apart as Hartford and Honolulu. Last year was the company's biggest ever for acquisitions: 17 dailies for a total of \$130 million, mostly in Gannett stock. This year the group has already paid \$14 million for the Nashville, Tenn., Banner (circ. 97,800), and next month plans to take over the El Paso Times (59,348) for an estimated \$20 million. With Gannett stock selling at some 35 times earnings, stockholders at the corporation's annual meeting in Rochester last week authorized a doubling of outstanding shares to 20 million—a sure sign that more purchases are planned.

Board Chairman Miller, now 65, is an energetic Missourian who came to the chain's Rochester headquarters in 1947 as executive assistant to Frank Gannett after an editorial career with Oklahoma papers and the Associated Press, where he rose from night filing editor in Columbus to Washington bureau chief in only ten years. Miller collects dailies for Gannett with the enthusiasm of a kid amassing marbles, and journalism may well remember him

CONRAD—LOS ANGELES TIMES



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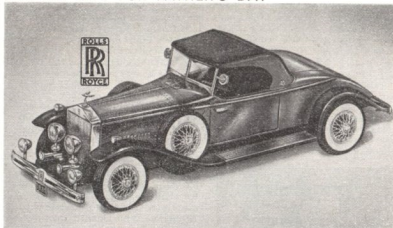
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THE PRESS

in newspaper terminology as the "Rochester Acquirer." Because he travels so much for both Gannett and the A.P. (which elected him its president in 1963 and chairman last month), Miller says that he has "come to know someone, along with the newspaper situation generally, in almost every city and town in this country." That makes acquisitions easier: "So much of this is done person to person. We don't have to work through a middleman."

News-Oriented. Sometimes Miller acts upon sheer impulse. In 1969 he received a routine letter—having nothing to do with purchasing properties—from Louis Weil, president of Federated Publications. After glancing at the names of Federated's seven papers on the letterhead, Miller promptly phoned Weil. "Look," he said, "I see that you're not in any states where we are, and we're not in any states where you are. Why not talk about a possible merger?" Only four months later, Gannett agreed to buy out Federated. Miller shuns the biggest cities, where purchase costs are high and prospects for circulation increases limited. His general policy is to seek dailies that are "dominant in a growth market." Recent acquisitions have been principally in Florida, middle-sized cities in the South and West, and the U.S. Pacific islands. Gannett now even has morning, afternoon and Sunday papers on Guam, and Miller has plans for further expansion in the Pacific, which is growing in population and starved for newspapers.

Because Gannett concentrates on smaller communities and big-city suburbs, its group-wide circulation of 2,243,999 lags behind the likes of Newhouse, Knight, Scripps-Howard and Hearst. Only five Gannett papers exceed 100,000, and all but 13 are under 50,000. True competition is not a factor except in Hartford, where Gannett's afternoon *Times* (131,498) runs an insipid second to the legendary morning *Courant*. In Nashville, El Paso and Honolulu, the group has agreements to share production expenses and profits with competitors. Elsewhere, Gannett enjoys a monopoly.

Monopolies often mean mediocrity, and none of Gannett's papers could be called great. But most are the better for Gannett's ownership, and Rochester's *Times-Union* won a Pulitzer Prize this month for coverage of last year's Attica prison riot. "We are news-oriented," Miller insists. "I am a newsman. Certainly we believe in keeping earnings as strong as we can. But in making decisions, we always start with the news product." He is naturally pleased that Gannett rang up record revenues (\$238,451,000) and profits (\$19,747,000) last year; there are no longer any scruples about booze and cigarette advertising.

Gannett exercises tight central control from Rochester on the business side of its newspaper operations and is sometimes prone to penny pinching. At the

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THE PRESS

Honolulu *Star-Bulletin*, where recession has cut ad revenue, the staff has been reduced slightly and morgue hours shortened to avoid payment of a night differential of \$1.75 to a librarian. But Gannett editors enjoy broad editorial autonomy. Each daily is free to say what it likes, to play stories as it pleases, to use as much or as little as it wants of Gannett's own 24-hour wire. That service frequently pitches national stories to the group's individual papers with local-angle leads or inserts to make them more relevant to the reader.

News Vice President John Quinn sends out a weekly "wire watch" to keep editors and publishers abreast of what their colleagues are doing on other Gannett papers and offer an occasional suggestion. The wire watch commands respectful attention but not blind obedience. Exceptions to Gannett's editorial autonomy rule are nine afternoon dailies in New York's wealthy suburban Westchester and Rockland counties, the former Macy chain that Gannett acquired in 1964. Because of their proximity to one another, the papers not only run several common pages a day that are centrally printed but also use editorials written for the group as a whole under the direction of Executive Editor James Head, 46, a Gannett troubleshooter who has brought both coordination and some editorial imagination into the scruffy Macy city rooms.

The Yonkers *Herald Statesman*



TROUBLESHOOTER JAMES HEAD
No scruffiness in the suburbs.

(47,852), long dubbed the "Sterile Hatesman" because of its boring and often narrow-minded tone, quickly got Head's O.K. for a series on Yonkers Mafia that the previous managers had prohibited. Heavily Italian Yonkers was outraged, and *Herald Statesman* Editor Barney Walters had his car windshield smashed eleven times, but the paper was suddenly worth reading again. These days Head's papers even endorse Democrats from time to time, which would have been heresy under the Ma-

cys, but individual editors must check with him first. To capture suburban readers on weekends, a new Sunday edition was launched for Rockland County last year, and a Westchester County Sunday paper is in the advanced-planning stage.

Indefinite Expansion. The editorial benefits of common ownership can be considerable to individual papers. The Cocoa, Fla., *Today* (48,101) covers space shots with imagination and expertise for the whole chain, via the Gannett News Service. The *Statesman* in Boise has been filing with local insight for all papers on the recent Idaho mine disaster. The News Service circulates such group-wide features as an entertainment column from the San Bernardino *Sun* and a music column from the *Times-Union*. Small papers benefit from staff coverage by bigger ones and in turn serve as testing grounds for technical improvements that may be adaptable to larger papers.

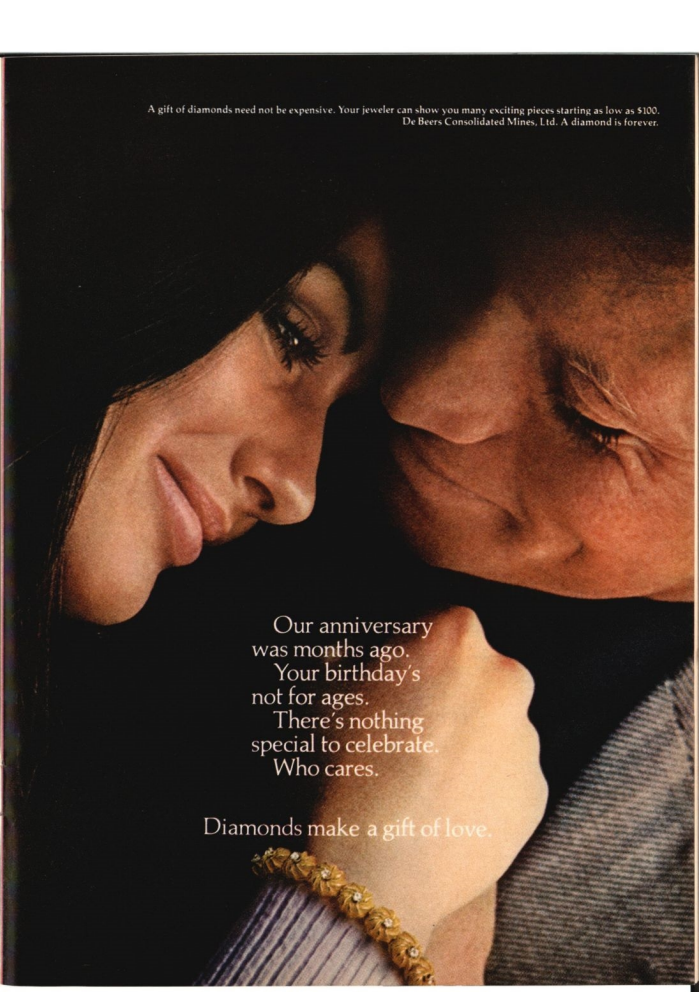
Chairman Miller promised stockholders last week that he would continue his "aggressive acquisition policy," and feels that the group can be expanded almost indefinitely without spreading resources too thin. He no longer has to go looking very hard for profitable new properties. Having firmly established his interest, Miller now finds potential sellers increasingly eager to offer their properties before the Rochester Acquirer.

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Your birthday's
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Diamonds make a gift of love.



Bet you don't know a luxury wagon when you see one.

Don't take the bet.

You'll probably lose.

The fact that a station wagon looks luxurious doesn't mean it is luxurious.

Amenities like plush seats, fancy carpets and woodgrain panels have nothing to do with what really makes a luxury wagon.

Luxury is doing more for less.

Consider the typical \$4,000 domestic luxury wagon.

It won't do much to keep you out of gas stations.

Because it averages only 14 miles a gallon.

That's luxury?

But the wagon in the picture averages a respectable 20 miles a gallon.

That's a Volkswagen 411 Wagon.

Then too, a domestic luxury wagon might not take you anywhere in winter until it's consumed about 9 quarts of antifreeze.

That's luxury?

But the VW 411 Wagon can take you anywhere without antifreeze. Or water.

Because its air-cooled engine doesn't need a radiator.

Luxury is a big car that parks like a little car.

Ever try parking a big domestic wagon?

It ain't easy. Because the average wagon stretches about 17.8 feet. Which may look elegant in the showroom.

But try navigating that behemoth into a normal-size parking space.

Forget it.

That's luxury?

But the VW 411 Wagon can park easily in any normal space. Because it's only 14.9 feet long.

Bet you can't name one domestic luxury wagon with luggage space both front and back.

Don't try. There aren't any.

But the VW 411 Wagon has two trunks.

In back, it holds 24.7 cubic feet of stuff. (With the back seats down, a whopping 48.7 cubic feet.)

In front, where domestic wagons hide their big gas-eating engines, the 411

hides its big space-saving trunk. With 14.1 more cubic feet.

Luxury is getting more for less.

Naturally, you'd think a domestic luxury wagon would come with lots of nice features that lesser wagons don't have. (Or charge extra for.)

Well, if you want an automatic transmission in a domestic luxury wagon, you may have to pay more than \$200 extra.

If you want 5 steel-belted radial ply tires, you may have to pay about \$100 extra.

If you want power steering (which you'll need to maneuver the typical 4500-lb. domestic wagon), you may have to pay over \$100 extra.

That's luxury?

The VW 411 comes with an automatic transmission. And steel-belted radial ply tires. Standard equipment.

What's more, you don't have to pay extra for power steering or power brakes.

Because the 411 doesn't need them. It's so agile you can handle it without extra power equipment.

And you don't have to pay extra for undercoating, metallic paint, rear-window defogger or front disc brakes.

Again, all standard equipment.

Luxury is an engine run by a computer.

The 411 even comes with something you can't get on any domestic luxury wagon. At any price:

Electronic fuel injection.

It's a small computer that replaces the carburetor. It measures precisely the fuel your engine needs. So it'll run more efficiently.

Luxury is sitting in a warm car.

The VW 411 has still another luxury feature you can't get on any car in the world. At any price:

A timed preheater system.

This ingenious device preheats the inside of your 411 in winter. Without you having to run the engine. Or sit in the car.

Luxury is a warranty that protects you longer.

And you would expect domestic luxury wagons to give you a warranty longer than you'd get with an ordinary wagon.

They don't.

They come with the usual 12-month/12,000-mile warranty.

That's luxury?

But the VW 411 Wagon, like all Volkswagens, comes with the longest warranty of any car-maker. Excluding that bastion of luxury, Rolls-Royce: 24 months/24,000 miles.*

But not even Rolls-Royce gives you what's coming to Volkswagen dealers starting later this year.

A computerized self-analysis system.

Luxury is a car checked by a computer.

Inside the 411 Wagon (and all 1972 VWs) is a network of sensors. Very similar to the system used in space capsules.

These sensors feed information about various parts of the 411 to a central socket located near the engine.

The socket, when connected to a computer, can tell a technician how well these systems are performing.

Things like engine compression, dwell angle, the electrical system, front wheel alignment can all be checked out in minutes.

Without human error.

The whole inspection takes about half the time it would take a mechanic to do it without the computer.

This new service is the most advanced automotive checkup in the world.

(And, needless to say, no other car-maker offers this service.)

It's part of our belief that the real luxury of owning a 411 Wagon is not what you do for it.

But what it does for you.

Bet you know a luxury wagon now when you see one.





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Certain fine whiskies from the hills and glens of Scotland are blended into every drop of Dewar's "White Label."

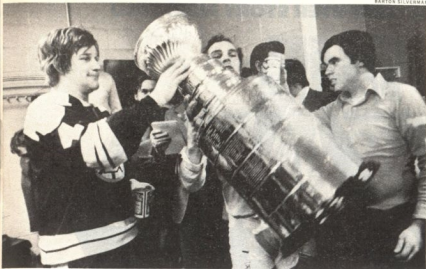
Before blending, every one of these selected whiskies is rested and matured in its own snug vat.

Then, one by one, they're brought together by the skilled hand of the master blender of Perth.

Dewar's never varies.



BORTON SILVERMAN



BOBBY ORR WITH STANLEY CUP AFTER VANQUISHING NEW YORK RANGERS

SPORT

More for Orr

The way the Boston Bruins figured it, they had no business being in New York. They should have won the Stanley Cup days before—on home ice before home-town fans—but the feisty New York Rangers had engineered a surprising upset. Embarrassed to have to hit the road again before they could wind up the play-offs, the Bruins wasted no time mauling the Rangers for their second National Hockey League championship in three years.

The brawling Bruins combined skill with scare tactics. Their dexterous centers controlled face-offs; their defenders flung themselves purposefully in front of net-bound pucks; their penalty killers not only frustrated good Ranger scoring chances but managed to score three times themselves. So much for their skating and stick-handling talents. Beyond that, the Bruins used shoulders, hips, elbows, knees and fists to intimidate the less aggressive Rangers. New York had finished second in the N.H.L.'s dominant eastern division, ten points behind Boston. The way the Rangers trounced Montreal and Chicago to gain the final round gave their fans hope that New York might win its first Stanley Cup in 32 years. But against the Bruins, who had breezed through the regular season with only 13 losses in 78 games, the Rangers skated into a face-off with reality.

For most of every game, most of that reality was Bobby Orr. Soon after he broke into the National Hockey League in 1966 at the age of 18, Orr began to build a reputation as the best defenseman ever to play the game—and probably the best all-round player as well. He may well be the most accom-

plished professional athlete currently active in any sport. Unassuming off the ice, Orr takes command when he is on it. And he often seems to be all over it. Sighs Ranger Coach Emile Francis: "Hell, I see him make a fantastic play on our goal, and when we skate back up the ice, he's there to meet us."

Orr played much of the Stanley Cup series with an injured left knee, but neither he nor the Rangers seemed to notice. On defense, the puck seemed magnetically drawn to his stick. Once, when the Rangers had a man advantage in the fourth game, Orr controlled the puck for 20 seconds, literally skating circles around the frustrated New York attackers. The New York fans, who lived up to their reputation by directing a steady stream of obscenities and litter at the Bruins, could think of no solution for Orr's heroics other than to urge the Rangers to "Hit him, stupid!"

On offense, Orr scored more points (four goals, four assists) than anyone else in the series. One of his goals—in the final game, which Boston won 3-0—was scored with one of his classically daring efforts. With Ranger Bruce MacGregor swooping in to steal the bouncing puck for a breakaway at the Ranger blue line, Orr could have played it safe by swatting the puck out of danger. Instead, he coolly trapped it inches from MacGregor's stick, pirouetted on his left skate and snapped a 30-ft. wrist shot into the net.

To no one's surprise,

Orr was named winner of the Conn Smythe Trophy as the most valuable player in the entire play-offs, an award he also won in 1970. Earlier this year, at the end of the regular season, he was also named the league's most valuable defenseman for the fifth consecutive year and the most valuable player for the third consecutive year.

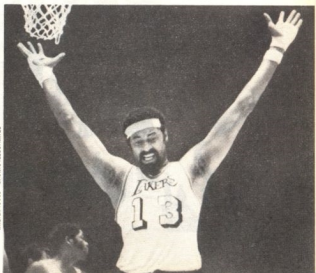
The next big challenge facing Bobby Orr is the scheduled September tournament—the first ever—between a Canadian team made up of the N.H.L.'s best players and a team from the Soviet Union. Like most Canadian N.H.L. players, Orr has been looking forward to a chance to show the Russians who plays the world's best hockey. Orr, who now makes more than \$200,000 a year with Boston, has said, "I played Russia once, for an Ontario junior all-star team, and we lost 3-2. I want another crack—and I'll play for nothing." But possible surgery on his injured knee may make him unavailable. The Russians should be so lucky.

One for the Dipper

The Los Angeles Lakers had just won their first National Basketball Association championship, and the proud, patient giant stood sweating in the chaotic locker room—a Gulliver indulging a swarm of Lilliputian newsmen. "For a long time," he said, "fans of mine had to put up with people saying Wilt couldn't win the big ones. Now maybe they'll have a chance to walk in peace, like I do."

For Wilt Chamberlain, vindication was sweet. The most dominating personality and physical presence in professional basketball for the past 13 years, he had been stamped as one of sport's alltime great losers. As his detractors took delight in pointing out, in critical play-off games Chamberlain seemed unable to produce the same heroics he performed so matter of factly during the regular season. Although he held numerous individual records and honors, he had helped only one team

CHAMBERLAIN EXULTS AS LAKERS HEAD FOR VICTORY



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It was developed to help get you into (and out of) one of our sparkling new Plymouths or other fine cars faster and easier than ever before.

The Wizard was born seven years ago. The brainchild of our rental experts and our computer experts. It took all this time to perfect because we didn't want a computer that just handled reservations. That wouldn't be trying harder. We wanted a computer system that would do this and much more. Now it's here.

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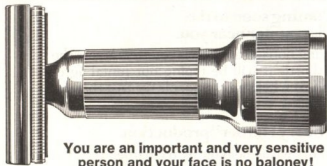
You see, at Avis, we never forget that human beings got us where we are today. And being human is going to get us where we're going.

Avis is going to be No.1. We try harder.

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worth a few dollars to bring happiness to a drab daily routine?
☐ Please send me the **Stahly Shaver**. I understand that it uses standard blades and comes in a lined **snap case** with my initials. Return in two weeks if not delighted. One year guarantee for parts and workmanship. My check for \$30.95 (\$29.95 plus \$1 for post. & ins.) is enclosed. (Calif. res. add tax.)

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SPORT

to a national title (Philadelphia, in 1967). The Big Dipper, the knockers said, choked in the clutch.

This year Wilt's critics have been silent—and for good reason. After leading the Lakers to the best won-lost record (69-13) in N.B.A. history during the regular season, Chamberlain was nothing short of awesome in the play-offs. In the N.B.A.'s western division title series with Milwaukee, he decisively outplayed basketball's newest giant superstar, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, eleven years his junior. Then, after shuffling uncertainly in the first game of the championship series, Wilt recovered spectacularly to lead the Lakers to a 4 games to 1 victory over the New York Knicks.

Padded Hands. In the final game against the Knicks Chamberlain's performance was among the most memorable in play-off history. A doubtful starter because of a wrist fractured in the previous game, he appeared on court wearing football linemen's pads on both hands. Despite that handicap, Wilt never looked better. With uncanny timing he blocked shots (ten) and grabbed rebounds (29); he muscled in to the hoop to sink points (24), and his picks and passes set up score after score by teammates.

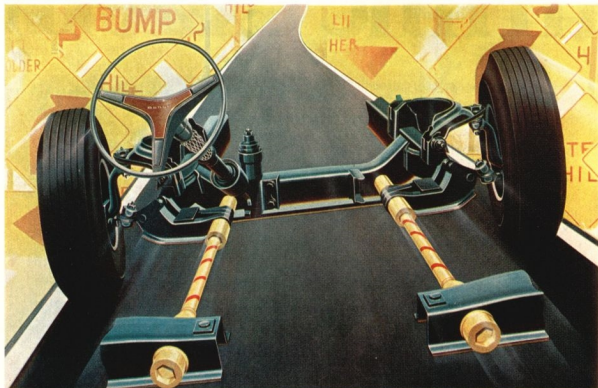
Game but outgunned, the Knicks had more than Wilt to put up with. Little Gail Goodrich (6 ft. 1 in.) was a consistently accurate shot and the highest scorer on either team. Jerry West never did shoot with his usual accuracy, but he was the most active playmaker in the series, with 44 assists. Harold ("Happy") Hairston outrebounded everybody but Wilt, and Jim McMillian came through with clutch baskets that devastated the Knicks in the fourth game's overtime period.

The Knicks, for their part, were unable to maintain their accurate shooting (55%) of the first game, and they were severely weakened by the hip injury that hampered their most aggressive player, Dave DeBusschere. But as DeBusschere himself admitted, the Lakers clearly showed that they were the better team, and the Big Dipper was beyond any doubt the best player.

Named the most valuable player in the series by *Sport* magazine, Chamberlain received as his reward a Dodge station wagon. He needed it about as much as he needs another basketball. Wilt has just enough space at his new \$1,500,000 home in Bel Air to garage the Dodge next to his Bentley, his Maserati and his Cadillac. When he will get a chance to drive the new car is another question. As usual, Bachelor Chamberlain plans to spend much of the off season traveling, adding the names of new countries to the list of 68 he has already visited, before coming back to earn another \$250,000 next season in basketball. At 35, Wilt has no thought of retiring. Says Jerry West, no slouch himself at 33: "He could play this way until he's 40."

Extra care...in engineering

If you want a Torsion-bar suspension standard in an American-made car, your choices are Cadillac Eldorado, Olds Toronado or all Dodge, Chrysler and Plymouth cars.



You'll find Torsion-bar suspension on every Chrysler Corporation car built in North America.

We think that they make an important difference in how our cars ride and handle.

The Torsion bar—a straight length of special steel—is a highly efficient spring, costing more to manufacture than the conventional coil spring. Chrysler Corporation engineers teamed this premium unit with other front suspension parts in a design that resists front end “dip” when the brakes are applied. And, they combined rugged multi-leaf rear springs with the rear axle mounted ahead of the spring center to reduce “squat” when the car is accelerated.

This overall design also contributes to handling stability.

Great handling characteristics.

Torsion bars are used in models of the Jaguar, Porsche, and other European-made cars, famous for their handling characteristics.

In America, with the exception of two high-priced competitive models, the Cadillac Eldorado and the Olds Toronado, only Chrysler Corporation offers you a Torsion-bar front suspension, and it's standard in every Dodge, Chrysler and Plymouth made in North America.

Responsive turns and comfortable ride.

Chrysler Corporation engineers feel that this suspension combination results in

a ride that is comfortable to most people, and helps keep the car responsive in turns, steady at super-highway speeds, and controlled even on most secondary roads. You'll notice this even more when driving a station wagon or pulling a trailer.

Extra care in engineering.

It's all part of the care in engineering that you find in Chrysler Corporation cars with things like Unibody construction and Electronic Ignition.

After all, we want you happy with your Chrysler Corporation car from the day you buy it until you buy your next one. Drive one at your Dodge, or Chrysler-Plymouth dealers soon.

And, care for yourself! Use seat and shoulder belts.



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And it's not your fault.

The fault lies with the airlines themselves for having made things like a hot meal, a movie and a smile the basis on which to choose an airline.

And they shouldn't be.

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For what that costs you should be getting more from an airline than a pleasant plane ride.

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There are more than 7,000 Pan Am travel agents across the country who can help you do just that. Whether it be a week in Europe, a once-in-a-lifetime round-the-world vacation, or one of our many tours. (Having invented the air tour back in 1935 we naturally offer a wider range today than anyone else.) In addition, there are more than 50 Pan Am offices in the United States where we have information on everything from what to wear, where, to how much to tip waiters and cabdrivers in Pago Pago.

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may find that things crop up that you could use some help with.

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We have offices all over the world (it's pretty hard to be very far from one), staffed with people ready to do everything for you from cashing your personal check in an emergency to changing your hotel reservations to suggesting a little out-of-the-way restaurant the guidebooks haven't discovered yet.

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And you don't pay us anything extra for any of these services. The pre-trip planning or the help you get once you're there. And, of course, at Pan Am your air fare is exactly the same as it is on all the other scheduled airlines.

Another important thing you don't pay anything extra for is our experience.

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The legendary Canadian that's
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Once you open it you're spoiled for life.

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MUSIC & DANCE

Extravagant Eclectic

It might have been a sports event, a church sermon, an opera, a musical comedy. It was, in fact, all of those things. Produced at Manhattan's Judson Memorial Church, *A Look at the Fifties* comprised an entrancing hodgepodge of tap dancing, singing, recitations and thunderous chorales providing running commentary on, of all things, an actual basketball game. It won rave reviews, packed the church for three weekends recently—then vanished. So it goes with the work of the Rev. Al Carmines, who wrote the show and is fast emerging as one of New York's finest composers of theater music. Because Carmines is also the practicing minister at Judson Memorial, most of his productions have to be sandwiched between other functions at the church.

Unsmirched Wilde. One day last week, for example, Carmines zipped up-town to Manhattan's Town Hall for a recital of songs from some of the 58 shows he has written since 1961. Looking like a saintly, unsmirched Oscar Wilde, he sang in a brassy baritone,

MARTHA HOLMES



COMPOSER CARMINES AT TOWN HALL

played some fleet-fingered piano, and filled the hall with resounding delight.

Carmines' music is extravagantly eclectic. He writes songs about war, Joan of Arc, peace, Gertrude Stein, pornography, Jesus Christ and W.C. Fields, all in a stylistic gamut that runs from Monteverdi to Montenegro. His favorite form is an extension of the turn-of-the-century ballad, on which he imposes anything that catches his fancy: tangos, hillbilly hymns, blues, echoes, jazz, gospel shouts, Puccini pastiches.

The son of a harmonica-playing sea captain, Carmines was born 35 years ago in Hampton, Va. Until age 17, he planned to become a concert pianist. Then he took stock of his keyboard talents and decided on the ministry in-

stead. "But in college at Swarthmore," he says, "I became an atheist. Later on I realized that you don't have to be a fanatic to believe in God, so I grew out of that." After graduating from Union Theological Seminary, he went to Judson Memorial and was assigned to form a church theatrical group. Carmines accepted on two conditions: no censorship and no religious dramas. "God doesn't disappear when you don't talk about him," he explained.

When Carmines began writing his own shows, a few (*Peace, In Circles, Promenade*) were picked up for commercial runs in off-Broadway theaters, and Carmines won four Obie awards—off-Broadway's equivalent to the Oscar. Now he is turning increasingly to performing. Last January he had a successful stint as pianist-singer in Manhattan's Downstairs at the Upstairs. Carmines insists, though, that he is not tempted to leave the church for full-time show biz. "The two great doctrines of Christianity are salvation and creation," he says. "There has been too much concern with the first. I want to do something about the second."

Royal Eggs

For the past 23 years, visits to Manhattan by London's Royal Ballet have become a springtime ritual. In most cases, the company's programming has become ritualistic too: 19th century warhorses like *Swan Lake* and *Giselle*, plus a generous dash of contemporary works like *The Dream* and *The Two Pigeons* by the Royal's longtime director Sir Frederick Ashton.

The company's current six-week stand at Lincoln Center, however, has a special point of interest. It is its first under the directorship of Kenneth MacMillan, 42, an Ashton disciple who is best known for his full-length *Romeo*

and *Juliet*, and who succeeded his mentor in the fall of 1970. For the occasion, the company is sporting two new MacMillan pieces. Alas, together they lay two of the biggest eggs of the New York ballet season.

► *Triad* seems to be about a triangular love relationship in which a girl (Antoinette Sibley) breaks up an affair between two male homosexuals (Anthony Dowell and Wayne Eagling). The program reveals, however, that the boys are brothers. Fraternal love is admittedly difficult to convey these days, but in this short work MacMillan has compounded the problem by his cramped and largely uninteresting choreography.

► *Anastasia* is an admirably ambitious but ultimately unconvincing full-length ballet about Tsar Nicholas II's youngest daughter Lynn Seymour who, by some accounts, escaped execution at the hands of the Bolsheviks and as Anna Anderson spent years unsuccessfully trying to prove that she was indeed the Grand Duchess Anastasia. The first two acts, using music by Tchaikovsky, provide a touching but repetitive romantic-ballet picture of Anastasia's life prior to the October revolution. The final act is a jarring change to a heavily psychological modern-dance style (set to a dreary electronic introduction and Martinu's sweet and sour *Fantaisies Symphoniques*). A distraught Anna, apparently living in a mental ward, relives the past as she imagines or remembers it. As to whether Anna was an impostor, no one knows for sure, including, unfortunately, MacMillan.

The disappointment of these new ballets is somewhat redeemed by such familiar delights as Dame Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev in *Romeo and Juliet*. But generally the work of the company betrays a certain unease. It may be that MacMillan and his dancers have not yet struck the right working relationship. If so, MacMillan did not improve matters by staying in London, leaving *esprit*, not to mention footwork, to others.

■ William Bender

SIBLEY & DOWELL PERFORM PAS DE DEUX IN KENNETH MacMILLAN'S "ANASTASIA"



Legality Undermined?

Even as President Nixon was announcing the mining of North Vietnamese ports, the U.S. Ambassador to the U.N., George Bush, moved to inform the Security Council. According to prescribed protocol, such formal notification is made to the Council president, but this month that regularly rotated position happens to belong to the U.S. representative, namely Bush. Bush ceremonially addressed his letter and then delivered it to himself, informing himself that the U.S. had a legal right to take action under the U.N. Charter's doctrine of "collective self-defense."

The mildly pointless ritual underscored old questions: Can international law have any real value in limiting armed conflict? Do the complex doctrines of law simply disguise the fact that might makes right? Could the doc-

trines of sea warfare. Even so, if they are unanchored, they must self-deactivate within one hour after control over them has been lost; similarly all anchored mines must be equipped to deactivate if they slip their moorings. The obviously sensible purpose is to prevent armed mines from drifting into international shipping lanes. The Hague Convention also prohibits the mining of "the coasts and ports of the enemy with the sole object of intercepting commercial navigation." But since mining to block warships is held to justify the blocking of commercial shipping, President Nixon specifically claimed he wanted to prevent "North Vietnamese naval operations."

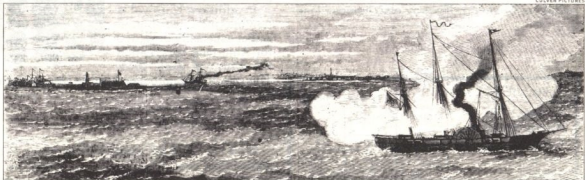
The situation presents other legal complexities. A U.S. State Department official conceded last week that the Government could cite no precedent from other wars for its action, but he

Viet Nam," or is Viet Nam one nation torn by civil war. The sad answer is that for such disputes there are few universally recognized legal standards and no international tribunals with the power of enforcement. Thus the ultimate settlement of conflicts is simply military force (as in Viet Nam) or the threat of force (as at Suez in 1956).

Specialists in international law are agreed upon the need for updating, though they differ on exactly how much adjustment to reality is advisable. As Harvard Law Professor Roger Fisher points out, a law that in effect says "whatever is reasonable is legal" is like a law saying that "whatever is the best policy is honest." Establishing rules and then sticking to them will provide order, while endless bending to reality will encourage the opposite.

Hard as the task of finding such principles will be—and unlikely though such determinations may be for the foreseeable future—international law is not quite yet a mere intellectual indulgence. In a recent *Harvard Law Review*,

COURTESY PICTURES



SOUTHERN STEAMER TRYING TO RUN UNION NAVAL BLOCKADE OFF NORTH CAROLINA DURING AMERICAN CIVIL WAR

The rules are clear, or are they? What is aggression? What is proper self-defense?

trines work if they were generally observed—or enforced?

Consider blockades, for instance. Nixon pointedly did not declare a blockade, but he clearly hopes his actions will have that effect. To international lawyers, however, the term blockade has traditionally had a quite specific meaning. One principal requirement is that a legal blockade must be enforced by enough ships to police all incoming and outgoing vessels. This "effectiveness" requirement was constructed to end "paper" blockades, such as the one Napoleon declared in 1806 to pressure other nations into ending trade with the British. International maritime lawyers ultimately agreed in the 1856 Declaration of Paris that anyone who wanted to exert such pressure should pay the price of actually maintaining the necessary force. Relatively thin blockades were still attempted, however, notably during the Civil War when the North interdicted 3,000 miles of Southern coastline with 42 ships.

Mines are also conceded to be legal weapons under the Hague Convention of 1907, an early major agreement on

pointed out that the North Vietnamese have also sown mines. The most questionable aspect of the U.S. legal position is the lack of a declaration of war. Writing in 1967 in a military legal journal, Navy Captain Geoffrey E. Carlisle stated that "without a state of war, a blockade [of Haiphong] would be of doubtful legality. A similar analysis could be made with respect to mining harbors."

No Tribunal. Does a declaration of war really matter? Are the so-called laws of war merely pieces of paper? Obviously passage of a law cannot eliminate war—any more than domestic laws can eliminate violence—but by seeking to codify how and when a war may be fought, legal authorities hope that it will occur less often and less savagely. Yet realities keep shifting.

The Kellogg-Briand Pact of 1928 banned aggressive war as an instrument of national policy. Still, international law, like criminal law, permits any nation to defend itself against aggression. But what is aggression? Is North Viet Nam attacking across an international frontier, as Nixon charged in referring to "the international outlaws of North

Professor Abram Chayes presents a sophisticated analysis of the anticipated arms-limitation agreement (SALT). Far from being subject to impetuous violation, the treaty will acquire a self-enforcing quality, says Chayes. Because of governmental bureaucracies and conflicting needs within them, the status quo has the advantage of inertia. Moreover, those who rise in the bureaucracy will tend to be those who made successful arguments in the negotiation of the treaty; they will have a vested interest in making it work.

The perception of bureaucratic self-interest, if expanded, leads to the path that is ultimately vital to all international law. Governments are currently unwilling to sacrifice the possibility of a short-term gain to the greater principle of world order through law. So they do what they feel they can get away with, and reject charges of illegality. When—and if—they come to see that the long-term goal is worth a few immediate losses in court, then international law will finally have a base on which to build the strength it now so conspicuously lacks.



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EDUCATION

How Co-op Copes

Boston's Northeastern University has 38,000 full- and part-time students, which makes it just about the largest private university in the U.S., but it has long been overshadowed by the fame of such neighbors as Harvard and M.I.T. Lately, however, many educators have come to look on Northeastern's work-study program as an answer to their own institutions' financial troubles. The reason: by adopting the Northeastern system, a college can increase its enrollment by 40% without having to hire new faculty or constructing new buildings.

The system works this way: after a conventional freshman year, a student alternates a semester of classroom learning with a semester of work related to his studies. A chemistry major may work as a laboratory technician, for example, a business major as a salesman, or a mathematics major as a computer programmer. Called "cooperative education" (or "co-op") because it enlists the participation of 1,600 Boston-area employers, the Northeastern system requires five years for a degree. But enthusiasts say that it makes college more "relevant" by offering students a practical goal for their studies, gives them a head start on their careers and enables youngsters from poor families to earn a college education. Northeastern estimates that about two-thirds of its 9,283 undergraduate co-op students work their way through college (tuition: \$775 per quarter) thanks to co-op jobs paying from \$70 to \$150 a week.

Soil on Hands. Northeastern was among the pioneers of the co-op plan back in 1909, but in the next three decades only 25 other schools followed its lead. Since 1962, however, colleges like Wilberforce University in Ohio, Beloit College in Wisconsin and Pasadena City College in California have flocked to the plan, both for its inherent educational advantages and for its solutions to problems of space and cost. Today, more than 300 institutions have begun cooperative education. An estimated 300 more are considering the step—spurred on by a White House recommendation that \$10.8 million in start-up grants be voted by Congress. Last month some 250 businessmen and educators met near Boston for a crash course on the benefits of the co-op system. Willard Wirtz, former Secretary of Labor and now president of the Manpower Institute, summed up the theory this way: "The learning and work functions—with love—seem to me to involve life's identifiable values. None is meaningful without the others." Says Northeastern's Dean of Co-op Education Roy L. Woodbridge: "For years Northeastern labored in the vineyard, looked down on by other schools because we

got soil on our hands. Suddenly, a lot of people want some soil in their ivory towers."

Co-op education is not equally suited to everyone. Some of Northeastern's 2,240 liberal arts students have a hard time finding jobs that relate directly to studies in philosophy or literature. Gary Esposito, a political science major, spent his most recent co-op term as a bank clerk ("It was that or nothing," he says). Some professors complain that their students place too much emphasis on vocational training. As one critic put it, "the sociology majors all want to become social workers."

Co-op's supporters see no harm in being practical, however. Asa S.



ESPOSITO WORKING AS A TELLER



BIREN SELLING TO BOSTON GROCER
"I've learned to communicate."

Knowles, Northeastern's president, calls co-op a "distinctly American philosophy of higher education," and he adds: "We attract the student who is career-oriented and hungry for practical education."

Typical is Alan Biren, 23, of Roslyn, N.Y., a marketing major whose father is a salesman of printing equipment. He alternated study with selling groceries and toilet goods for Armour-Dial Inc., and he plans to join the company full time after graduation this June for about 20% more pay than a graduate of a traditional four-year college would receive. "The best thing I've learned," Biren says of his student career, "is how to communicate in selling." Scholars might grumble at such a judgment, but Biren's wife Sandra, a former Northeastern student herself, explains: "He's much more business-oriented than intellectual, and his work experience helped him do better in school by giving him a goal."

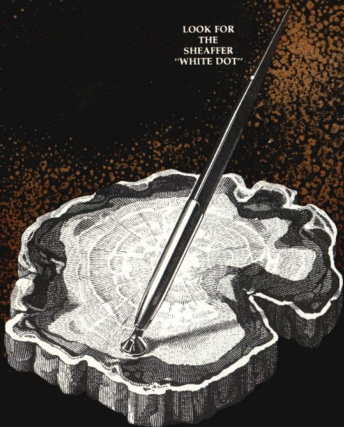
Other Northeasterners also stress the practical advantages of co-op education. Says Calvin True, 25, a law student who spent last term as a probate clerk: "Co-op gives you practical experience in a field in which you desire to practice, and you know what you want to do when you graduate." Alan Kandel, a management major who worked as an accountant, agrees. "I have friends in other schools who take summer jobs, and I know I'm way ahead of them."

The greatest practical advantages of co-op, however, accrue to the colleges that adopt it. Northeastern officials estimate that co-op education enables them to maintain a campus only two-thirds the size that would otherwise be necessary for a student body as big as theirs. And their co-op students earn some \$25 million a year; if that sum were needed for scholarships, it would require an endowment of several hundred millions. With such benefits available, financially pressed educators can hardly help regarding the co-op movement with increasing favor.

Report Card

► When student tuition-loan programs began expanding during the 1960s, they seemed a sensible solution to the problem of soaring education costs. The loans, backed by state and federal authorities but issued by private institutions at 7% interest, came due within a year after the student left school and were repayable within ten years. Now, to the dismay of financial authorities, the delinquency rate is soaring (as high as 9% in the case of one major bank, compared with a standard adult rate of only 2%). The reasons most commonly cited: jobs are hard to find, and some students are simply loath to work or to pay debts. To track down delinquents, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare has assigned 58 new sleuths, but some culprits may be hard to find. When

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EDUCATION

the Bank of America prodded one ex-student about laggardly payments, all it got in reply was a photo of him huddled naked in some northern cave.

► Given a little time to think about it, any reasonably perceptive social philosopher might have predicted that the average Princeton man, ten years out of college, would earn more than \$20,000, prefer Marlboros (if he smokes), German cars and Jack Daniel's, live in a colonial home decorated in contemporary style, wear his hair longer than he used to, and choose Richard Nixon over any Democrat.* He might even guess that 41% of Princeton's class of 1962 have tried drugs, or that 24% have tried extramarital sex—all deductions confirmed in a ten-years-later booklet just issued by the class. Who would imagine, though, that the average member of the

MIKE WHITE—TIME



class of 1962 is able to attend only 0.5 Tiger football games a year?

► Pleasant surprises are nice, particularly if they apply to national disaster areas such as reading ability, and a "pleasant surprise" was just what Dr. J. Stanley Ahmann of the National Assessment of Educational Progress reported after he glanced over the results of his group's federally financed \$15 million effort to test how well U.S. youngsters can read. There was some doubt, however, that the test was really testing. Consider, for example, this question for nine-year-olds: "Complete the sentence with the words that make the most sense: The boy wanted (a) a new ball (b) under dinner (c) rode his bike (d) to the circus (e) stopped raining (f) I don't know." Some 17% missed it. Sniffed Dr. William Furlong of the National Reading Center: "The questions may tell us more about the testers' expectations than the kids' ability to read."

*And prefer TIME to any other magazine (45%).

HALF CAR.



HALF TRUNK.



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Souls in Aspic

"The world presents itself to me in a many-faceted, elusive vision—I am no longer interested in the now of today. There exists a peripheralness, a border to which the unconscious mind must be let free and unburdened." So says Harold Paris, the bearded, exuberantly loquacious son of an immigrant Yiddish-theater actor, who is having his first major American show at the University Art Museum in Berkeley, Calif. At 46, Paris has been by turns wigmaker, illustrator (for the Army newspaper *Stars and Stripes*), fisherman, painter, environment maker and sculptor. Though he has exhibited frequently in Europe, he is still virtually unknown in the U.S.

TED STRESHINSKY



HAROLD PARIS WITH "SOUL"
Possessed by death.

for, as Berkeley Museum Director Peter Selz puts it, "he has never been part of any movement in American art. I think that is why he was never successful in New York, where art goes in movements and trends. When most art in America is cool and removed and interested in problems of form, here is a man who is constantly retaining the emotional concept."

Paris' emotions are much possessed by death. From his early Buchenwald illustrations to his latest environments, Paris remains a poet of ritual and mortality: he has even been known to bury an invisible sculpture sealed in a black coffin as part of a happening, and one large environmental piece at Berkeley, *Pantomima Illuma* (1966), is a kind of tomb, a black chamber with soft walls and eerie pencils of light on ambiguous, fleshy bits of sculpture. Paris' work is that of a rich and disordered tem-

perament, which manages to be both heavily serious and slightly glib.

He is a virtuoso in every medium from clay to rubber, from stainless steel to Plexiglas, and his involvement with craft sometimes gives his images a certain preciousness. His newest works, *The Souls*, are slabs of aspic-like silicon gel, none of them bigger than a sheet of typing paper, in which objects are set and, as it were, embalmed. The gel has the disconcerting resiliency of flesh—it feels vulnerable and intimate—while its contents, which may be anything from a cut-out decal of a rainbow trout to a diminutive plastic airplane, exhale a delicate poetry of surrealist juxtaposition; their like has not been seen in America since Joseph Cornell's boxes. Memory and touch, a poignant archaeology of the self: at its best, Paris' work is pure magic.

"You know," he says, "kids love *The Souls*. I ask them if they understand what they are and they say yes, they are fairy tales; in *The Souls* I deal with fantasy, and they are quite romantic and mystical too. You look at a petal falling to the ground and it means something different from all the other petals you've seen. And you file that away in your mind. As an artist, I can come to grips with these images." ■ Robert Hughes

Draw, Pardner

Whittled at, mocked, its history rewritten, the American West has taken a battering in recent years. The myth of the 19th century frontier—brave mule skinner and noble cavalrmen bringing civilization across the Great Plains—is dying out like the buffalo. This discovery, leaving a painful hole in America's stock of self-images, helps explain the recent surge of interest in 19th century frontier art. The latest evidence of it is a delightful show called "The American West," which drew crowds to the Los Angeles County Museum through the spring and will open June 8 at the De Young Museum in San Francisco.

Between 1820 and 1900, scores of artists went west by wagon, railroad or stage: painters, illustrators, draftsmen. It was, as has often been said, one of the crucial experiences in American culture, and in their work one sees the ideal of Arcadia being identified with an actual landscape. The West was not only a place but a state of imagination, which could invest almost any tract of virgin country between the Appalachians and the Rockies with a kind of epic innocence: nature unspoiled, inhabited by prelapsarian man. One itinerant painter, Worthington Wittredge, met the legendary scout Kit Carson in Santa Fe in 1866. "Nature had made a deep impression on this man's mind," Wittredge observed, "and I could not but think of

him standing alone on top of a great mountain far away from all human contact, worshipping in his way a grand effect of nature until it entered into his soul and made him a silent and thoughtful human being."

The themes of European romanticism gave form to, even imposed themselves on, the vision of the West: the vast "sanctuary of nature" suited the encyclopedic dialogue between nature and culture that animated the significant painting and writing of the 19th century. Like the Swiss Alps, the West proffered images to sate the most grandiose appetite. Thus paintings like Thomas Hill's *Yosemite Valley*, 1889, were much in demand: big studio pieces, full of beetling crags and waterfalls, and filled with a liberating sense of the "otherness" of nature.

Paradise. The most accomplished romantic, and by far the best American painter to go west, was the German-born Albert Bierstadt, who joined an expedition to the Rockies in 1859 and later worked up a series of big landscapes from his sketches. *Estes Park, Colorado*, 1869, is a magnificently rhetorical painting, but the hyperbole was constrained by Bierstadt's lyric exactness of eye as it roved across the calm lake and the billowing mist and crags behind. Such, the brush insists, are the lineaments of an earthly paradise.

An interest in anthropological description ran parallel with this taste for the sublime. In 1824 George Catlin saw some Indians in Philadelphia and determined that "nothing short of the loss of my life [a possibility] shall prevent me from visiting their country and becoming their historian." With immense energy he set out to chronicle every tribe, producing up to six oils a day. They vary greatly in quality, as one might expect. But at his best—as in *Head Chief of the Iowas*—Catlin's agile drawing combined with his near worship of Indian ways in images that, in later frontier art, could not be equaled for directness and compassion. Beginning as a pictorial journalist, he transcended his limits. Ironically, this was never true of the later genre painters whose work commands such inflated prices: Frederic Remington and Charles M. Russell. Their work has some historical interest—though contemporary photos have much more—but it is negligible as art. No wit of pictorial sensibility enlivens Remington's slickly painted scenes of frontier life, with their walrus-whiskered rustics poking guns at one another or staring into gaudy tin sunsets from the knobby back of a cayuse: they are what they aimed to be, illustrations for magazines like *Collier's*, nothing more. The earlier artists had, at least, bequeathed a sense of immensity, of epic landscape and idealism to later American art; Remington and Russell left only a vulgar legacy of bronze bronzos. With them, the Decline of the West was accomplished—though the nostalgia rides on. ■ R.H.

THE OAKLAND MUSEUM



"The light cloud, head chief of the Iowas," George Catlin

"Yosemite Valley," Thomas Hill—1889

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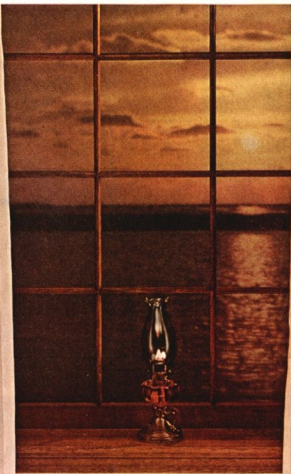


"Estes Park, Colorado," Albert Bierstadt—1869



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So Much For The Naked Ape

It is a cliché of popular ethology that man is no more than an animal among animals, a naked ape dominated by his own savage biology and driven by killer instincts. More sophisticated scientists think otherwise, and one of them, Anthropologist Alexander Alland Jr., has now produced a ringing rebuttal. In a new book called *The Human Imperative* (Columbia University; \$8.50), Alland counters the sophistry of Robert Ardrey (*The Territorial Imperative*), Konrad Lorenz (*On Aggression*) and Desmond Morris (*The Naked Ape*) with a view of man as a human animal, a creature whose biologically rooted nature can be modified by the uniquely human creation that sets man apart from the apes, his culture.

Prime Example. If *Homo sapiens* were innately and inevitably aggressive, Alland observes, all men would behave aggressively and in a predictable, stereotyped manner. In fact, some societies are nonviolent, and in others aggression is expressed in widely varying, culturally determined ways that are "a far cry from the rather automatic and highly patterned aggressive responses which occur in lower animals."

As a prime example of a pacific people, Alland cites the Semai of Malaya. A band of 12,000 farmers, the Semai adopt and name animals, talk to and caress them as if they were children, and even suckle them. Youngsters are never physically punished; they rarely see any form of violence, and so have no model of aggressive behavior to imitate. One result is that murder is unknown among the Semai. When angry, they generally confine themselves to voicing

insults and spreading malicious rumors. True, they sometimes throw their own belongings around, but they are careful not to hurt anyone. Even throwing things is frowned upon because, says Alland, "it scares people."

By contrast, the Abnon people of the Ivory Coast are more aggressive—"but in ways which no biologist could predict on the basis of instinct theory." Their aggression does not seem to arise from an inner, unalterable genetic program. Instead, it is generated by external situations and is released only through socially approved channels. Initially, Abnon children are indulged and fondled by all the adults around them and show no aggression—until a new child is born. Then, Alland writes, having been abruptly displaced from center stage, "most babies who have been quite placid up to this point begin to show signs of rage and aggression." This new behavior is severely punished, however, so that the children learn to control their anger. As a result, Abnon adults are rarely aggressive toward other people. Instead they direct their aggression in fantasy and ritual at imaginary



ANTHROPOLOGIST ALEXANDER ALLAND JR.

beings, called *deresgog*, or witches.

Disciples of Ardrey's popular theory of territoriality—the notion that man's primary motivation stems from a biological urge to defend whatever area he regards as his—also get their comeuppance. Like aggression, territoriality can be proved natural for man only if it is universal, automatic and "imperative," as Ardrey would have it. In fact, says Alland, it is none of these, not even in the most primitive societies.

As an example, hunter-gatherers, those primitive peoples who live by hunting animals and gathering wild plant foods, "are the least territorial of all human groups." Furthermore, in Africa "there are innumerable situations in which peoples of different ethnic backgrounds live together in the same territory, often exploiting the environment in different ways." In fact, says Alland, territoriality is not inborn but is actually determined by the culture; he notes that most nations need such external reinforcers as the pledge to the flag and draft laws to ensure that national territory will have sufficient defenders.

Alland's most significant conclusion is that neither territoriality nor aggression is instinctive; thus war is not inevitable. "Culture is the major determinant in human existence," he says. For that reason, the "human imperative" is to develop a kind of culture in which war is impossible.

Outmoded Virginity

Common gossip says that youngsters are engaging in sexual intercourse earlier these days than they used to, but there has been precious little statistical evidence to back it up. Now Johns Hopkins Demographers Melvin Zelnik and John Kantner have come up with some firm data. After studying the sexual habits of unmarried teen-age girls, they announced last week that virginity is indeed outmoded. If the study sample is representative, almost half of all single American girls become non-virgins before they are 20.

Basing their findings on interviews with 4,611 girls living at home or in dormitories in 1971, Zelnik and Kantner reported to the Commission on Population Growth and the American Future that nearly 14% of the 15-year-old females they questioned had experienced intercourse, and that the percentage rises rapidly beyond that age: 21% at age 16, 27% at 17, 37% at 18 and more than 46% at age 19. Their report also discloses marked but unexplained racial differences that are presumably due much more to social class than to race. For whatever reason, teen-age blacks at every age level are more likely than whites to have had premarital sex. At age 15, for example, 32% of blacks have had intercourse, compared with 11% of whites; by age 19, the percentage has risen to 81% for blacks compared with 40% for whites.

Although it confirms widely held



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DRUG ADDICT QUARANTINE CENTER ON ISLAND OFF HONG KONG
Lenient methods are bound to fail.

convictions about virginity, the Zelnik-Kantner study shatters the generational myth that young people are engaged in a perpetual orgy of promiscuity. In fact, the investigators report, "the picture is not one of rampant sexuality." Most teen-agers do not have sex frequently: 40% had had none at all during the month before they were questioned, and of the remainder, about 70% had had intercourse no more than twice in that month. Moreover, 60% of the non-virgins had made love with only one male in their lives, and half of them were planning to marry that man. Here, too, there was a racial difference. "It is the white non-virgins who have sex more frequently and are the more promiscuous," the study shows. Among whites, 16% reported four or more partners, while for blacks the figure was only 11%.

Another popular misconception is that contemporary teen-agers are sexually sophisticated. Not so. According to Zelnik and Kantner, "the pervasiveness of chance taking" is remarkable. More than three-fourths of the non-virgins questioned said that they never or only occasionally used contraceptives. Some youngsters said they considered birth control "no fun" or "inconvenient." Many were so ill-informed that they believed they were too young or had sex too infrequently to get pregnant, or that they could not conceive if they avoided intercourse just before or just after menstruation.

As a result of such neglect and neglect, 41% of the blacks, 10% of the whites and 26% of both races had been or were pregnant. For this reason, the population commission has recommended that birth control information be freely provided for the nation's teen-agers. To support the recommendation, the executive director of the commission, Charles Westoff, quotes a Manhattan teen-ager: "Refusal to provide education will not prevent sex, but it will certainly prevent responsible sex."

Quarantining Addicts

Drug addiction would seem to have little in common with smallpox. But according to Swedish Psychiatrist Nils Bejerot, the two scourges are remarkably similar. Though one is spread by example and one by a virus, both, he says, are contagious, epidemic diseases that can best be contained by quarantining

their victims. To curb the spread of heroin and other hard-drug abuse, Bejerot proposes, the U.S. should establish compulsory, drug-free rehabilitation "villages" in secluded areas to keep addicts from infecting healthy nonusers.

Bejerot is a researcher in social medicine at Stockholm's Karolinska Institute and an expert on the drug epidemics that have occurred periodically in nations all over the world. In a New York Times interview last week, he insisted that contrary to popular belief, the role of pushers in epidemic addiction is secondary. It is primarily the users—especially new users—who spread drug abuse by persuading their friends to join them in their mindless pursuit of euphoric highs. Sometimes, Bejerot says, it is even possible to trace waves of addiction to particular carriers. In 1949, for example, he discovered that a small group of Stockholm bohemians was responsible for a surge of amphetamine use that eventually produced 12,000 new Swedish addicts. Similarly, eleven Norwegian drug users deported from Sweden in 1967 stimulated 100 new addiction cases in Norway when they returned home.

History shows that lenient methods of handling this kind of contagion are bound to fail, Bejerot says. In Sweden, for example, light penalties for drug offenders have done nothing to curb addiction. In Japan, on the other hand, authorities stamped out an amphetamine epidemic after World War II by instituting and enforcing a series of tough regulations: legal use of amphetamines was restricted to the treatment of just one disease (narcolepsy, which makes its victims fall asleep constantly); only one doctor per hospital was allowed to handle these drugs; and heavy prison sentences were imposed for possession and peddling—thus preventing both abusers and sellers from spreading their "disease."

While isolated detention villages are not precisely prisons, Bejerot admits that his proposed detention villages and his generally tough approach to drug control are highly controversial because they threaten the civil liberties of drug users. But he warns that popular outrage over escalating addiction and addiction-linked crime could lead to something even worse: repressive "semifascistic" measures that would affect not just addicts and criminals but large numbers of ordinary citizens.

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ENVIRONMENT

Two Key Decisions

► When the Environmental Protection Agency announced tough new anti-pollution rules for autos last year, Detroit was aghast. "Arbitrary," said General Motors Chairman Richard Gerstenberg. Henry Ford II declared that his company could not meet the standards—a 90% reduction in hydrocarbon and carbon-monoxide emissions by 1975—and that the timetable would require "suspension of most U.S. automotive operations."

The automakers therefore requested a one-year extension of the deadline, but EPA Administrator William D. Ruckelshaus last week turned them down. After considerable study, he said, he had concluded that the technology for cutting pollution was "probably adequate," and that the automakers "have adequate lead time to apply this technology." If automakers cannot meet the deadline after efforts pursued in "good faith," Ruckelshaus said, then they may ask again for an extension.

► "After great deliberation and reflection, I have determined that it is in the national interest . . . to grant a right-of-way permit for the trans-Alaska pipeline from the North Slope to the southern port of Valdez." In making that announcement last week, Interior Secretary Rogers C.B. Morton explained that the U.S. will need at least 20 million barrels of oil per day by 1980, and that domestic production apart from Alaska will be only half that much. As for the rival route across Canada, he declared that the \$3 billion, 770-mile Alaska line will be cheaper and quicker.

Actually Morton cannot yet issue construction permits because he is under a court injunction that requires him to give two weeks' notice to environmentalists who are already suing him in an effort to stop the pipeline. Those suits charge that the pipeline will damage the tundra and threaten wildlife, so it will finally be up to the courts to decide how, when, where, or indeed whether the pipeline will be built.

Whole Earth Conference

There is probably not a single hotel room in Stockholm still available for the period from June 5 to 16. In fact, there are hardly any rooms still to be had within an hour's ride from the Swedish capital. Even the park benches in the Kungsträdgården may be full. In what local officials are calling the biggest peaceable invasion in the city's 720-year history, Stockholm is expecting the arrival of 1,500 delegates and observers, 1,000 reporters, 350 U.N. officials and some 10,000 students, campers and other ecology enthusiasts.

The United Nations Conference on the Human Environment will be the

first such global meeting on the subject, and the agenda ranges over a proflixity of subjects that is worthy of the U.N. One proposal would establish a worldwide network of 100 stations to monitor air pollution; another would regulate all dumping of wastes into the oceans; still another would preserve cultural monuments like Cambodia's Angkor Wat. All in all, says Canada's Maurice Strong, the meeting's secretary general, "Stockholm will point up how man is going to manage the world's first technological civilization."

Conflict. The conference grew out of a 1968 Swedish proposal that the U.N. combat international problems caused by rapid industrialization and population growth. Though the resolution was quickly approved, difficulties soon cropped up. Just selecting the basic issues has taken representatives of 27 nations, including the U.S.'s Christian A. Herter Jr. and Shirley Temple Black, two years of hard work. After one session devoted to defining the wording of propositions (what does "environment" really mean?) a delegate sighed, "It's like trying to swim in tapioca."

Even more complex was the conflict of national attitudes. Rich countries generally argued that they could best clean up pollution by themselves, without getting involved in U.N. politics. But the less developed countries felt that pollution was not even a problem. In Upper Volta, for instance, where per capita income is \$50 a year and the life expectancy is 32 years, a new factory represents not the potential for environmental damage but hope for a better life. As Brazil's Planning Minister João Paulo Velloso remarked in approving a polluting paper mill: "Why not? We have a lot left to pollute."

Secretary General Strong proved to be a masterly diplomat in dealing with such difficulties. Traveling constantly, the self-made millionaire (he once headed the huge holding company Power Corp. of Canada) convinced the wealthy nations that "the environment is indivisible" and is not the exclusive concern of the rich. With the poor, he argued that they had different kinds of problems: overcrowded cities, polluted water, and exhausted farm lands. So far, more than 100 U.N. members—including China—have agreed to attend the conference, with about 80 of them contributing reports on their own environmental efforts.

Even so, the conference's problems were far from solved. Communist East Germany, long excluded from membership in the U.N. or any of its specialized agencies, is nonetheless a major European economic power—and polluter. To get East Germany involved, the U.N. asked it to attend as a nonvoting participant. "This is like inviting a guest to your house for dinner and then telling



MAURICE STRONG & CONFERENCE EMBLEM



UNITED NATIONS



THE U.S.'S SHIRLEY TEMPLE BLACK
Like swimming in tapioca?

him he can sit at the table but not eat," complained Yakov A. Malik, Russia's chief delegate to the U.N. Unless East Germany is given formal international recognition, the Soviet Union and other East Europeans threaten to boycott the meeting.

For all its high ambition, the Stockholm conference will play down some issues that participating nations consider to be domestic policy, most notably the question of population control. But outside the official meetings, a number of environmentalist groups will hold a population forum. They will sponsor lectures on basic ecological issues—and some highly political sideshows as well. In one, the U.S. may be accused of "ecocide" in Viet Nam, through bombing and the use of defoliants.

Maurice Strong sees a different reason for Stockholm. It is, he says, "a beginning of a worldwide environmental awareness and a starting point for action. How can it be more than that?"

THE BIGGEST SELLING VS. THE BIGGEST SELLING



This year, millions of Americans will go out to buy their very first small car.

Many will find themselves confused as to which small car is best.

Which is why we think it might be helpful for you to know that in Europe, where they've been comparing small cars for three generations, they buy more Fiats than anything else.

Volkswagens included.

One of the big reasons for this is the Fiat 128, which we're bringing to America for the first time this year.

And to give you an idea of how good it is, here's how it stacks up, point by point, against America's favorite, the Volkswagen.

And not just the regular Volkswagen. But the Super Beetle.

OUR PERFORMANCE VERSUS THEIR PERFORMANCE.

The most obvious difference between

the Fiat 128 and the Volkswagen Super Beetle is the engine.

Ours is in front—theirs is in back. We have front wheel drive—they have rear wheel drive.

Front wheel drive gives you better handling because the wheels that are moving the car are also the wheels that are turning the car. And also because pulling is a much more efficient way to move something than pushing.

Front wheel drive also gives you better traction on ice and snow. (As proof, last year, the Fiat 128 won the Canadian Winter Rally, which is run over ice and snow the likes of which we hardly ever see in the States.)

You'll also notice, if you glance at the chart on the right, that under passing conditions the Fiat accelerates faster than the Volkswagen. (If you've ever passed a giant

truck on a highway, you know how important that is.)

Now, since engines alone do not determine how well a car performs, there are a few other subjects we'd like to cover.

For instance, the Fiat 128—which has self-adjusting front disc brakes—can bring you to a complete stop in a shorter distance than the Volkswagen, which does not have disc brakes.

Secondly, the Fiat 128 has rack and pinion steering, which is a more positive kind of steering system generally found on such cars as Ferraris, Porsches, and Jaguars. The Volkswagen doesn't.

And lastly, the Fiat comes with radial tires; the Volkswagen doesn't.

OUR ROOM VERSUS THEIR ROOM.

The trouble with most of the small cars around is that while they help solve the serious problem of space on the road,

SMALL CAR IN EUROPE SMALL CAR IN AMERICA.



they create a serious problem of space inside the car.

And while the Volkswagen is far from the worst offender in this area, it still doesn't give you anywhere near the amount of space you get in the Fiat 128.

As you can see on the measurement chart, the Fiat 128 is a full 10 inches shorter on the outside than the Volkswagen. Yet it has more room on the inside than an Oldsmobile Cutlass, let alone the Volkswagen.

Compared to the Super Beetle, it's wider in front, wider in back, and 5 inches wider between the front and back seat. Which should be good news for your knees.

And in the trunk of the Fiat 128, where lack of room is taken for granted in small cars, you'll find 13 cubic feet of room. In the Volkswagen you'll find 9.2.

OUR COST VERSUS THEIR COST.

Aside from the fact that the Fiat 128 costs \$167 less than the Super Beetle, there's another cost advantage we're rather proud of. According to tests run by the North American Testing Company, the Fiat 128 gets better gas mileage than the Super Beetle.

Now we don't for one minute expect that, even in the face of all the aforementioned evidence, you will rush out and buy a Fiat. All we suggest is that you take the time to look at a Fiat.

Recently, the president of Volkswagen of America was quoted as saying that 42% of all the people who buy Volkswagens have never even looked at another kind of car.

And we think that people who don't look before they buy never know what they've missed.

FIAT

ACCELERATION

FIAT	20-50 mph	9.405 secs.
VW	20-50 mph	11.635 secs.
FIAT	40-70 mph	17.86 secs.
VW	40-70 mph	20.09 secs.

BRAKING

FIAT	20-0 mph	13.2 ft.
VW	20-0 mph	14.6 ft.
FIAT	60-0 mph	139.7 ft.
VW	60-0 mph	155.2 ft.

BUMPER TO BUMPER

FIAT	151.81 in.
VW	160.24 in.

FRONT SEAT - SIDE TO SIDE

FIAT	53.50 in.
VW	46.0 in.

REAR SEAT - SIDE TO SIDE

FIAT	49.875 in.
VW	47.125 in.

BACK SEAT - KNEE ROOM

FIAT	31.00 in.
VW	25.75 in.

COST

FIAT	\$1,992*
VW	\$2,159*

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price, POE. Transportation, state and local taxes, optional equipment, dealer preparation charges, if any, additional. Overseas delivery arranged through your dealer.

SHOW BUSINESS

The New Talk Jockeys

In Los Angeles, a woman phones in to announce that she is turned on by butchers and visits three a day. In New York, a woman brags that she helps her husband seduce his girl friends. In San Francisco, a woman introduces her singing dog, complete with piano accompaniment. What is this—entertainment or therapy? Perhaps both. In any case, it is enough to keep millions of Americans chained to their radios for hours every day and night. In a time when some of the TV talk shows are suffering from ratings problems, radio's talk shows are grabbing ever larger audiences. Their secret is simple: people like to hear themselves talk, and to feel that somebody, somewhere, is talking to them.

Telephone talk shows began in the early '60s, but most of them died with the decade, victims of various technical problems, high costs of production and, most important, audience ennui. Now bolder, brassier talk jockeys and new approaches have not only revived the shows but often make them the most important part of a station's programming. By switching to an all-talk format, Manhattan's WMCA has jumped from 20th to seventh among AM stations. "Just in the past few months," says Robert Henabery, director of program development for ABC-owned radio stations, "the potentialities of talk have begun to be realized. I can see new programs centering on specific interests like food, sex, sports—anything that attracts a group of advertisers."

Anything goes so long as enough people listen to it. Some of the new talk jockeys—or t.j.s.—still play music, but it is always subordinate to their dialogue with listeners. Others, like Don Imus of New York City's WNBC, subordinate even the dialogue to their own versions of zany nightclub comedy. Chicago's Larry ("the Legend") Johnson has made a success out of calling odd people or faraway places to entertain his estimat-

ed 120,000 weekly listeners on station WIND. What's the weather like in Miami? Larry the Lege will call the Miami weather bureau and find out. Do the papers say that Princess Margaret is taking a salary cut? Call Buckingham Palace.

San Francisco's Russ ("the Moose") Syracuse attracts an estimated 50,000 listeners from midnight to dawn with KSFO's on-the-air lonely-hearts club. "This is Love Line," he announces. "Use your index finger and dial this number. Radio romance can be yours for the price of a phone call." A few of Syracuse's callers only want a weekend date, but not many. He claims to have fostered 13 marriages and twelve engagements. "How many disk jockeys," he asks, "get that kind of satisfaction?" Quite a few, if they measure satisfaction in terms of the emotional response they evoke from their listeners.* As Marshall McLuhan has pointed out, radio is a "hot" medium, involving more listener participation to complete its communication than such "cool" media as films or TV. "The people feel they possess you," says Ellen Morphonios Rowe, a criminal court judge in Miami who runs a late-night show on WKAT. "They really feel you belong to them."

Judge Rowe is an archconservative. At the other end of the spectrum, both ideologically and temperamentally, is Martha Jean, "the Queen," Detroit's 1,000-watt soul sister. "You are livin' with the Queen," she tells her mostly black audience on WJLB. "And that's pretty good livin', I betcha. All you got to do is be touched by the Queen and everything will be all right."

Up Kilimanjaro. Robert E. Lee Hardwick, a talk jockey on KVI in Seattle, has a different audience, the white middle class, and a different approach. He has taken a group up the slopes of Kilimanjaro and guided an expedition of gem hunters to the wilds of Idaho and Montana. Along the way, he has started a mock fan club of 15,000 for Seattle Pilots Shortstop Ray Oyler, who had the next to the lowest batting average in the American League one season, and he has led angry taxpayers to Olympia, the state capital, to press for tax reform.

Few of the talk hosts are so openly political. Sex remains a staple theme. In the past year, a show called *Feminine Forum*, on which women tell the world their most lurid adventures or fantasies, has rocketed Los Angeles' KGBS from 26th to third place in the midday ratings and spawned imitations from New York and Miami to Cleveland and Toledo. "It's like electronic voyeurism," says Allan Holten, program director of the New York imita-

*If they measure satisfaction in more conventional terms, top talk jockeys are paid up to \$200,000 a year on big stations.



BILL BALLANCE WITH ONE OF HIS FANS



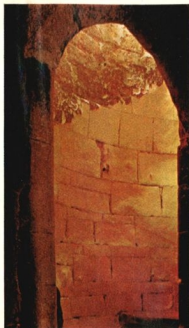
DON IMUS ON THE AIR IN MANHATTAN



BOB HARDWICK LEADING MOTORBIKE TOUR



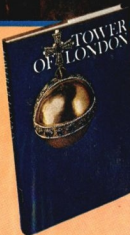
JUDGE ROWE WITH PET CHIMPANZEE



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William the Conqueror. In 1066, this illegitimate son of a Norman duke invaded England, seized the throne, and then built the Tower of London and 84 castles to protect himself from his subjects.



Henry VIII. Anne Boleyn, the second of his six wives, laughed when he sentenced her to be beheaded in the Tower, along with her five alleged lovers. She couldn't believe he was serious. He was.



Charles I. He kissed his children goodbye, forgave his executioner, and tucked his long hair up under his cap so it would not deflect the axe. Cromwell called his death in the Tower "a cruel necessity."

Come, walk with Kings.

Come, walk with Kings and let the ancient gates of London's Tower creak shut behind you.

Walk with King Edward III as he sallies forth from the Tower cell where he's been locked up for years. He has vowed to avenge the murder of his father and to seize the kingdom from his mother and her lover.

Wasting little time, Edward threw his mother into a dungeon and tossed away the key. Then he had her lover beheaded.

Walk with the boy-king, Richard II. Stand fast with him as he faces an army of 100,000 rebels on Tower Hill and refuses to surrender his jeweled sword to their leader, Wat Tyler.

Tyler was executed on the spot. Then Richard rode forth, alone, into the howling mob and, in a child's voice, commanded the rebels to go home. And they did.

Walk with King Henry VI, a gentle and retiring man who doesn't even want to be King. He is caught in a power struggle between his headstrong son and the sensual, violent Duke of York.

Arrested by the Duke's men, Henry was brought as a prisoner to the Tower with his golden spurs struck off and his feet bound under his horse by leather thongs. When his son was killed in battle and only he stood between the Duke and the throne, Henry was murdered in his cell as he knelt, praying.

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It's one of a new and richly-illustrated series by Newsweek called *Wonders of Man*. Other volumes include: *The White House, Venice, The Forbidden City of Peking, Notre-Dame de Paris, The Kremlin, Statue of Liberty, The Colosseum, El Escorial, The Pyramids and the Sphinx.*

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Nobody should miss a word of a phone call that important. So we make a device that helps keep every conversation clear and distinct.

It's a tiny crystal filter. And it can help separate thousands of calls. Even though they travel over the same cable.

To make it is no small task. We start by growing our own quartz crystal. Thirty-five steps later, it's ready for the gold and other precious metals that make up the complex circuit.

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Western Electric

We make things that bring people closer.

SHOW BUSINESS

tor, WHN. "It's hard for a man not to listen." *Feminine Forum* is even piped over the public address system of the Los Angeles police headquarters.

No wonder. Host Bill Ballance and his 400,000 daily listeners regularly get an earful of erotica that would have titillated Freud and Krafft-Ebing. One woman confessed that she let her husband think that he was hypnotizing her during the sexual act. Another said that she solved her daughter's marital problems by going to bed with her son-in-law. "That's a melter, Vicki," cooed Ballance. "I think that's neat." Not quite neat enough, however. Next day the daughter called in enraged. "Oh-oh," Ballance said. "And did your dad hear her on the air?" "He certainly did," said the daughter, "and so did his whole construction crew."

Like several of the other jockeys, Ballance himself is often the object of attention. "My name is Linda," said one caller, "and I love you." Most of the t.j.s, in fact, are too busy to do much but read and gear up for the next day's show. "No matter how far out a subject might be," says Judge Rowe. "I'll wager someone will call up and discuss it." Beyond hard work and a gift of gab, however, the t.j.s have little in common. Though they usually try to create the impression that they are young and sexy, several, like Ballance, are 50 or more. Few have completed college, and most started out on small stations where they were heard by a dial-hopping big-city exec.

Interpersonal Glue. Immediacy is the key—the listener who calls in wants to hear himself now, not tomorrow—and the programs are tape-delayed only the seven seconds that allow the t.j. to blank out any obscene words. Rarely does a t.j. lack for callers—a specter that haunts them all. More often the problem is how to curtail long-winded callers, and all the t.j.s have a stock of turnoff lines like, "Lady, my desk is on fire."

Who listens to the talk shows? More important, who calls in? Mostly the sad, the sick and the lonely. Dr. Norton Kristy, a psychotherapist in Los Angeles, calls some shows a kind of interpersonal glue, something people these days need, with the spaces between people being so much greater and with the fragmentation of the family. "The Bill Ballance sex show, says Kristy, has 'tapped a rather powerful personal and social desire on the part of young women to express all their frustrations. Ballance is providing the social acceptance and respectability for female sensuality and sexuality that *Playboy* magazine did for men 15 years ago."

Adds Dr. Salvatore Maddi, a psychologist at the University of Chicago: "Loneliness is an endemic problem of our time, and there are many people who literally have no friends. A disk jockey, particularly one who seems interested in his listeners, fulfills a need—he's a substitute friend."

THE THEATER

Candide Meets Octopus

SUGGS
by DAVID WILTSE

Coming to the big city is a kind of initiation rite into the fraternity of adulthood. In a young man's imagination, the metropolis is an enticingly profane glade of Babylonian delights. In reality, the tyro may face a jungle ordeal in which he is savaged by the mightiest beast, the city itself.

That is the gist of a warmly appealing play by David Wiltse. His hero, Suggs (William Atherton), is a Kansas Candide. One of his ideas of what makes New York City the best of all possible worlds is sex. A series of girls (all played

MARTHA SHOOT



LAWSON & ATHERTON IN "SUGGS"
Babylonian delights.

by Lee Lawson) parades through his bachelor flat, but a sense of repetitious futility makes him marry a girl (also Lawson) for whom he has no sexual appetite.

Another part of his big-city dream evaporates. He wants to be a network sportscaster but ends up a clerk. His boss advises him to cultivate some sexual deviation if he hopes to succeed in New York. All Suggs can manage is a garden-variety divorce. Then the city moves in on him like an octopus, with one tentacle assaulting him, a second robbing him and a third depositing him babbling on a park bench along with a pair of kooks. This would be as painful as it is abrupt were it not for Playwright Wiltse's engagingly fanciful humor and William Atherton's resiliently ingratiating performance.

■ T.E. Kolem

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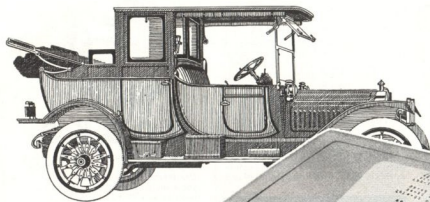
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
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Monroe invents The Option. A new kind of business calculator has been invented. Now you can custom-make a machine to your needs with low cost extras that add a lot to performance without adding a lot to cost. Developed entirely in the United States by Monroe engineers, the 1300's combine the best of both calculator worlds... print and display.


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 Quick! What's the actual tax and gross on \$1,295.00 with a tax of 6%? One key does it all. And mark-up on the cost, too.


 Figure the discount at 17.65% on an invoice of \$795.00. And while you're at it, what's the net amount? Once again one key. In less than a second.



  If an item costs \$93.00 per hundred, how much do you have to pay for a dozen? With the Per C key, it's a snap. And the Per M key? Same ease for items in thousands.


 A complex problem. An item costs \$39.55. Figure the mark-up of 33.15% on the selling price. No division. No factors. One operation. One key.

 By the way, what's the square root of 3.1416? Need it? You can have it by adding one key.

  Constants anyone? Store an extra discount factor, a mark-up factor, an intermediate answer, the easy way by adding two keys. One puts it in, the other recalls it for use in any operation.

 Sales last year \$139,413... This year \$148,313. What's the percent of increase? You've guessed it. One key again. And it performs percent of decrease, too. Same operation and the decrease prints in red.

  More constants anyone? Same operation as M1 with the extra value of another place to store factors. Two more keys. And no more re-entry errors.

 One last thought. Please compute something simple. 25.3645931 to the seventh power. One key again. And the answer prints as fast as the blink of an eye.

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What else. Help us help you. Let us know what you need, that you haven't seen on a keypad, and we'll get to work and put it there.

Test drive a calculator for a day. Free! We want you to try one of our new 1300's before you buy something less flexible and probably more expensive. So we're offering you the chance for a sort of test drive and a look at some option possibilities. Just return the coupon or call your local Monroe representative and we'll make arrangements to deliver a new unit for use in your office for a day. Free. No obligation, of course.

And by the way, we'll offer top trade-in value on your old calculator. Regardless of mileage.

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Monroe, the Calculator Company

MODERN LIVING

The Career Look

What do a lecturer for Weight Watchers, a saleslady for Hallmark Cards and a hostess at a Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge have in common? They are all doing their jobs dressed in specially designed "career apparel" or "corporate clothing." These are the latest euphemisms for work uniforms that once were confined to the blue-collar set, and are now the vogue in a growing number of white-collar jobs, especially those held by women.

The trend toward chic corporate pantsuits, miniskirts and even hot pants was, until a few years ago, confined largely to airline and rent-a-car hostesses. Now, career apparel may even be seen on leasing agents and telephone operators. One manufacturer clothes the employees of a city water-and-light department, an ornamental-iron company and a war veterans' nursing home.

Although the new career look is sometimes greeted with outcries against 1984-style regimentation, the idea is largely accepted by employees. For one thing, by wearing uniforms they can economize on clothing costs; companies usually pay all or part of the price. In addition, points out Sherry Holcombe, secretary to the city manager of College Park, Ga.: "Uniforms answer the biggest question of the day: What shall I wear?"

Most uniformed employees do not even resent the fact that they have become sophisticated sandwich boards for their employers (many uniforms have the company name or symbol on a pin or concealable pocket flap). Says Assistant Cashier Lou Ann Lougher of Los Angeles' First Western Bank: "My uniform is a conversation piece. People stop me on the street to ask about it." Bank Teller Marta Ronchi concurs, "If I work in a place, I'm proud of it. I'm the type for a uniform; I was raised by

the nuns." Although some employees find the career apparel boring, one secretary likes her outfit so much that she wears it everywhere, even on dates. Employers generally are not put off by the high cost of keeping their staff well accoutured. They find that career clothes create a good professional image and eliminate the problem of poor taste in employee dress.

Some businesses have adopted identical blazers or color-coordinated jackets and ties for their male employees. But for the most part, men are not turned on by the new corporate look. Explains Richard Crouch, vice president of California's El Camino Bank (where the male employees voted down blazers): "Men have been in uniform for so many years that they're relishing their new freedom. After all, we just got colored shirts and wide ties."

Screen Games

The average American spends six hours a day gazing passively at television. Soon he will have an opportunity to play a more active role in what appears on the screen of his set. Last week the Magnavox Co. demonstrated a device that will give set owners a chance to engage in electronic table tennis, hockey, target shooting and other competitive games on their TV screens.

Called Odyssey, the game is actually a battery-powered, closed-circuit broadcaster that projects movable squares of light on a TV screen. The light squares—which can be maneuvered in any direction by dials on two small "player control units"—represent players, targets and balls in a wide variety of games.

To start the screen play, it is necessary only to flick a switch that connects the master unit with the VHF antenna terminals on any set with an 18-in. or larger screen. One of twelve



PLAYING ELECTRONIC HOCKEY
Quick hands, sure reflexes.

translucent overlays that simulate "playing fields," complete with figures of players, is taped to the screen. A circuit card that conjures up from one to three light squares is inserted into the master unit. The squares appear, the players grasp the knobs on their control units, and the game is on.

Odyssey games are designed for all ages. Several, like "Cat and Mouse," are variations on the game of tag. If the cat intercepts the mouse's flight through an overlaid maze of squares, the mouse disappears from the screen. Other games are designed to be educational. In "States," for example, a map of the U.S. is attached to the screen and children are asked the name of the state illuminated by the square of light. In an electronic version of roulette, bets are placed on a separate board and a light square moves around a simulated wheel before coming to rest on one of 32 numbers. Magnavox claims that playing Odyssey games will "improve motor skills." It does indeed take quick reflexes to play the games well. In electronic hockey, for example, players must not only move their "sticks" up and down but also manipulate an "english control," which can simulate slap shots and shift the direction of the "puck" as it crosses the center line. Good concentration and coordination are also essential in games like "Skiing," which requires the player to keep the light square tracking down a curving path on a simulated mountainside in a race against the clock.

All this fun will not come cheap. A basic Odyssey that includes twelve games and has circuitry as complex as that in a black-and-white TV set will go on sale in August for about \$100—plus as much as \$25 more for such optional attachments as an electronic shooting range. But Magnavox is convinced that it has a winner. The company expects that some 100,000 customers this year will want to buy a piece of the action on their home screens.

MOTEL HOSTESSES & LEASING AGENTS MODELING THEIR "CAREER APPAREL"





Mid-size Plymouth Satellite. The family car that doesn't look like one.

Despite Satellite's sporty looks, its size and features make it enough car for almost any family.

Satellite gives you plenty of room for six. And we've carved out enough trunk to hold a basket of laundry and a week's worth of groceries.

The standard 318 V-8 means you've got power when you need it for passing or freeway entrances, but it's also easy on your gas budget.

Yet Satellite gives you all this without turning a mid-size car into an over-size car. The wheelbase is only 115 inches. Which means Satellite's maneuverable in

city traffic. And easy to park, too.

Another thing you'll appreciate is the way we built Satellite.

We started with a welded Unibody for strength and tightness. Then we protected this body inside and out with our 7-step dip-and-spray process.

We did a lot of things like this because we think that's the kind of car America wants. And we're committed to building just that.

Plymouth Satellite.
Because we believe a family car should be functional — but not dull.



Coming through with the kind of car America wants.

**You've spent a lot of years picking your Bourbon.
Give Benchmark a few minutes to change your mind.**

That's all it might take.

Because we think Benchmark tastes better than any Bourbon you've ever tasted, including your own. No matter what brand you're drinking now.

You see, Seagram craftsmanship (American craftsmanship at its best) created the distinctive taste of Benchmark. So we're pretty confident.

Spend a few minutes tasting Benchmark Bourbon. You'll taste the difference.



Seagram's Benchmark Bourbon.
"Measure your Bourbon against it."



MONEY

Burns Prods for Reform

Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns has been an intellectual prodigal to the Nixon Administration, speaking up in favor of such unpleasant but necessary moves as wage-price controls and dollar devaluation. Last week he set out to overcome the Administration's seeming hesitancy to start negotiations quickly for rebuilding the world financial system, which cracked apart last summer and was only patched back together by last December's currency realignments. At a conference of U.S. and foreign bankers in Montreal, he outlined a ten-point program that was the first statement by a high U.S. official of goals for a new money system. It does not commit American negotiators—Treasury Secretary John Connally would prefer that the U.S. build up a stronger balance of payments position before sitting down to parlay—but Burns called his speech "a pretty fair summary of the U.S. position." His main points:

- ▶ As part of a reform package, the dollar should again be made convertible into other reserve assets, presumably including gold.

- ▶ While gold cannot realistically be dropped completely as a form of money because too many people cherish it, its role should diminish, and it should be gradually replaced by the IMF Special Drawing Rights ("paper gold").

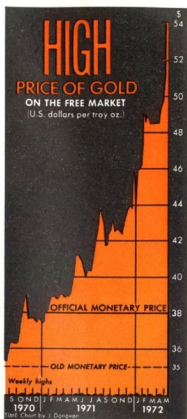
- ▶ Countries that pile up big international-payments surpluses should be compelled to reduce them; in addition, debtor countries like the U.S. should be forced to wipe out big deficits.

- ▶ The world's financial powers should not talk only about money reform but should also hold "parallel conversations" about lowering barriers to world trade.

Such aims are easier to state than achieve. Burns warned that unless a start is soon made, the non-Communist world may break up into restrictive and competing trade blocs. His initiative moved Treasury Under Secretary Paul Volcker to set a tentative timetable for monetary reform. Volcker specified the International Monetary Fund meeting in the fall of 1973 as "a useful target date for getting a general agreement."

A New Type of Glitter

As it has done in times of political or economic crises since the days of the Pharaohs, the price of gold ran up last week. On one day of frenzied trading in London, it jumped a record \$1.90 per oz. Later it vaulted to a post-World War II high of \$54—a full \$16 above the price at which central banks value the metal as a monetary reserve. But



this flurry was only partly caused by fears that a wider war over Viet Nam might further undermine the shaky world financial system. More than that, the buying excitement, which had been building for several weeks, was caused by worry over a simple supply-demand imbalance.

Industry more and more appreciates that gold has properties beyond glitter. It is malleable and corrosion resistant, conducts electricity well and reflects light and heat. It is going into not only wedding rings and teeth but also into telephone equipment, jet-engine parts, auto-voltage regulators, electric razors and toasters—mostly in small amounts, alloyed with other metals, at points where electrical contacts are made. Meanwhile production in South Africa, the world's leading source of gold, has been declining, and the Soviet Union has been selling little of its growing gold cache in the West. Now that the price is up, Moscow may sell more—and reap the riches.

Buying last week was touched off partly by a report from London-based Consolidated Gold Fields Ltd., a company that owns interests in major South African gold mines, predicting that rising industrial demand and limited supply could push the price to \$85 per oz.

by 1980. That may be an overstatement, but some metal traders figure that the day is coming when gold will be too valuable an industrial commodity to be used as mere money.

PHASE II

Calmer Waters

When the Pay Board in March cut back the wage increase that West Coast dock workers had won, four of the five labor members stomped off the board, and the dockers threatened to strike. Last week the board took on the East and Gulf Coast longshoremen. It ordered slashes, reducing the first-year increase from 70¢ to 55¢. Labor chiefs were quiet, and there was little strike talk among the rank and file. Said Anthony Piccavillo, a checker on Manhattan's East River: "We should have gotten the full raise, but I wouldn't want to strike. Can't gain anything by it."

Dock workers say that they have had their fill of picket lines. Harry Bridges' West Coast longshoremen were out for 134 days before signing their contract; Thomas Gleason's East Coast and Gulf dockers were idle for eight weeks. Though no group won all it wanted, the approved wage raises averaged 12%, far more than the 5.5% that the Pay Board normally allows. The board permitted the outsized gain partly to avoid a strike, and partly because the dockers pledged to raise productivity by changing work rules.

East and Gulf Coast union leaders will meet this week to weigh whether to walk off the job. If they do, the West Coast dockers have promised to join, tying up all U.S. ports. Such a crisis seems unlikely, given the workers' mood. Indeed, there is evidence of restraint elsewhere in shipping. Last month the National Maritime Union, which speaks for 15,000 merchant seamen, agreed to a three-year contract with increases less than half as big as the dockers collected. The seamen apparently know that if they do not rein in their wage demands, they may continue to lose jobs to foreign ships.

In other Phase II action last week:

- ▶ The Pay Board ordered employers not to set aside funds in escrow or make any other formal deals deferring already-rejected pay raises until after the controls are lifted. The order was designed to prevent a wage bulge after Phase II ends.

- ▶ Treasury Secretary John Connally told reporters that the controls may be abolished when enabling legislation expires next March. But he warned that controls will hang on if, and as long as, Administration leaders think that removing them will lead to a new surge of inflation.

IN MOST COUNTRIES THE BEST SELLING CAR IS ALSO CHEAP. NOT IN SWEDEN.

In almost any country you can think of, the car that sells best costs the least. Or very close to it.

Cheap, after all, is a selling argument that appeals to a lot of car buyers.

But it doesn't get to first place in Sweden.

In spite of the fact that Swedes are the most heavily-taxed people on earth and don't have a lot of money to spend on cars, the car that sells best isn't cheap.

It isn't even a little economy car. Even though gasoline costs 80¢ a gallon.

What it is, is a Volvo.

A car that's built to survive brutal Swedish winters, pass strict Swedish automobile inspections and satisfy a national fetish for quality.

In a recent national survey, Swedes named Mercedes-Benz as the best-styled car sold in Sweden.

But they picked Volvo as the highest in quality and value for the money.

In Sweden, how well a car is built is more important than how high the style is, or how low the price.

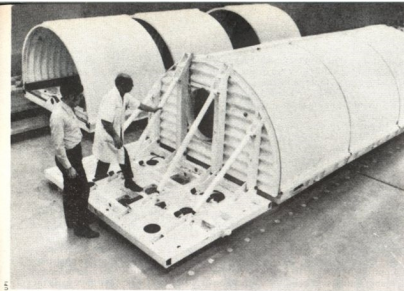
Volvo.

We build them the way we build them because we have to.

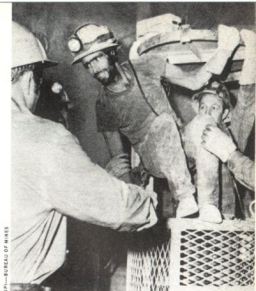


VOLVO

SEE THE DEALER NEAREST YOU AND TEST DRIVE A VOLVO WITH ELECTRONIC FUEL INJECTION. OVERSEAS DELIVERY AVAILABLE. © 1972 VOLVO, INC.



WESTINGHOUSE MODEL OF SHELTER THAT MIGHT SAVE MINERS TRAPPED UNDERGROUND



WILKINSON LEAPING FROM RESCUE CAGE

INDUSTRY

Struggling for Safety

AFTER surviving for seven days in the smoky depths of the fire-ravaged Sunshine silver mine near Kellogg, Idaho, two young miners, Ron Flory and Tom Wilkinson, were amazingly rescued last week. "I'm not normally a religious man, but I sure prayed," Flory said. But 91 others were killed in the nation's largest silver mine. This week Congress will begin hearings to examine what started the fire. One suspicion is that spontaneous combustion occurred in the old mine timbers.

It takes a disaster like this to focus attention on one of the nation's most scandalous problems: on-the-job accidents. Last year they caused 12,200 deaths. In addition, of the nation's 79 million workers last year, 2,200,000 were disabled and another 5,300,000 suffered lesser injuries or illnesses. Roofers fell off buildings, sheet-metal workers sliced off fingers, welders inhaled toxic fumes, and there were electrocutions, burnings, radiation poisonings and inhalation of cancer-inducing asbestos particles and chemical fumes.

Congress last year put into effect the Occupational Safety and Health Act (OSHA). It covers all industries except mining, which is regulated by two other safety acts. The Bureau of Mines, which is in charge of mine safety, is looking into devices to keep trapped miners alive, including Westinghouse-developed modular steel shelters that carry oxygen and food, ride on wheels and follow workers almost everywhere that they go underground. The new, broader occupational safety law laid down strict regulations for every em-

ployer and empowered federal inspectors to levy fines of as high as \$10,000 and six months in jail for each violation. Up to February of this year, 20,688 factories, stores and offices had been inspected, but only 23% were found to be completely within the limits of the law. Fines of \$1,444,686 have been proposed, and one firm, Greenfield & Associates of Lavonia, Mich., was fined a total of \$16,000. These fines can be contested before a three-man commission; it already has a five-month backlog of 842 cases.

Worst First. Typically, the inspector uses noisemeters to tell whether the thrumming of machines could harm workers' ears, checks other instruments to detect potentially explosive gas leaks, and looks for missing guards on presses that can chop off an arm in a second. What have inspectors found? No eye washes in battery-charger areas, storage racks piled so high that they could fall on a worker, and no protective hearing devices.

Administrators of OSHA in the Labor Department have a budget of only \$38.5 million; for next year the proposed budget is \$97 million. AFL-CIO officials say that at least \$166 million is needed to deploy a minimum of 1,550 inspectors instead of the current 500. The Labor Department, working on a "worst-first" basis, is concentrating its inspectors on the policing of industries that have extremely high accident rates: longshoring, roofing and sheet metal, meat packing, mobile-home manufacturing and lumber and wood producing. Indeed, accidents are so common on the

docks that, on the average, one out of every eight longshoremen a year suffers at least a temporarily disabling injury.

OSHA is stirring heated debates in Washington. TIME Correspondent Mark Sullivan reports: "It is a liberal law being administered by a conservative Administration. President Nixon would like to turn over supervision of safety laws to the states. The unions and the Democrats would rather see the power remain in Washington." If states do develop tough industrial safety standards—Texas, Alabama, Colorado and Wyoming have notably weak codes—the Government will pay 50% of the operating costs and 90% of the start-up expenses. So far only one state, South Carolina, has requested funds.

The U.S. Chamber of Commerce opposes the new federal law on grounds that reporting requirements are burdensome for small businesses which have few safety hazards. Chamber spokesmen also argue that the standards covered in the law's 248 finely printed pages could cause "economic holocaust" by forcing companies to scrap costly machines and dies.

The National Safety Council criticizes OSHA for other reasons. Says Robert Currie, assistant to the general manager of NSC: "I don't think you will see any significant payoff in terms of injuries prevented. A good safety program goes far beyond the law's requirements." Such sound programs are already in force at some companies, including Aerojet General, Du Pont, General Dynamics, Boeing, General Motors, Ford, IBM, Westinghouse and Firestone. Other employers could wisely copy from them. Unless many more do so and unless the Federal Government gets tougher, the toll of lives from on-the-job accidents is apt to rise even higher.

BUSINESS

THE NEW YORK TIMES

JACK COOK—THE NASHVILLE TENNESSEAN



FRANKLIN JARMAN

MAXEY JARMAN

CORPORATIONS

Father Knows Best

The world's largest producer and retailer of apparel, Nashville-based Genesco is a family business run with Tennessee savvy by W. (for Walton) Maxey Jarman and his son Franklin, 40. It was a proud day for Maxey when, at 65, he turned over the chairmanship to Franklin three years ago. Quipped Franklin then: "Dad is getting out at a good time."

Those were prophetic words in the light of Genesco's—and the Jarman's—present situation. As is often the case when a strong-willed patriarch turns over power to his son, relations between the two have become strained. Maxey, an abstemious Southern Baptist who teaches Sunday school, had built Genesco into an empire of 105 operating divisions. Franklin, a member of what Nashville residents call their suburban "Belle Meade jet set," has been hard pressed to coordinate his father's motley acquisitions. At a six-hour board meeting last month the two argued with considerable heat.

While Genesco's sales have risen to \$1.3 billion, profits have dived from \$36 million in 1968 to \$16 million last year. Genesco stock has dropped from a high of \$58 in 1968 to less than half that today. At a board meeting last week, officers announced a quarterly earnings loss of 5¢ per common share, down from a 51¢ gain for the same quarter last year. Alarmed, outside directors voted at the meeting to give the elder Jarman "added management responsibilities." The finance committee, of which he was still chairman, will be combined with the executive committee, and both will be placed under his active control.

Several of Genesco's problems can be traced to Maxey's acquisitiveness in

the 1960s. The firm expanded furiously, sometimes taking into the organization successful regional companies that did not fit well. Executives of some of the acquired firms may have seen Maxey coming. Genesco's standard takeover agreement allowed the sellers to keep the ownership of the buildings that they occupied and offered fat stock bonuses to men who could produce profit increases for Genesco in the first three years after acquisition. Some managers simply rewrote their building leases, temporarily cutting rents in order to raise earnings. Now that the three-year periods are lapsing, the rents are rising again—and Genesco is saddled with mounting costs.

Genesco is also the victim of uncontrolled forces. It depends on the manufacture and retailing of fashion-sensitive clothing and shoes for 90% of its revenues. Its subsidiaries include Esquire Sportswear, Johnston & Murphy shoes and Formfit Rogers lingerie, as well as Henri Bendel, Bonwit Teller, I. Miller, S.H. Kress and Roos/Atkins. Lately, the fashion world has degenerated into volatile anarchy. The men's clothing industry has suffered especially, as young men have chucked tweeds and worsteds in favor of blue jeans and Army fatigues. One of Genesco's subsidiaries, Danté, Inc., which manufactures cuff links, has been hit by a move away from French cuffs. Until recently, consumer spending as a whole had lagged this year, so Genesco's profits from successful retail operations have not been able to balance setbacks elsewhere.

When it comes to making the most of a rough situation, Genesco's directors evidently feel that father knows best. Though the younger Jarman remains Genesco chairman, the elder will be in charge. At least one Genesco director believes that Maxey will use his restored position as a steppingstone to the Tennessee governorship in 1974. He tried for that office in 1970 but finished second in the Republican primary to Winfield Dunn, the current Governor. Genesco directors appear willing to keep Maxey on until the company is out of its slump. In a firm that depends on strong retail sales and stable fashions for its fortunes, he may be around for a long time.

Heat in Cook's Kitchen

Chauncey William Wallace ("Tex") Cook is a little like the distressed fellow in the television commercial who says, "I can't believe I ate the whole thing." Cook heads General Foods, which is having trouble digesting all that it has swallowed. Earlier this year General Foods wrote off a \$47 million loss on Burger Chef Systems and Rix Systems, a pair of acquired hamburger and roast beef sandwich franchise operations that ran afoul of overcrowding in the fast-food business. As a result, one of the world's biggest processors

of food (last year's sales: \$2.3 billion from such household names as Maxwell House, Jell-O, Birds Eye and Gaiques) is heading for its first earnings decline in 20 years. Figures are not yet complete for the fiscal year that ended in April, but earnings for the first three quarters were \$84 million v. \$86.4 million in the equivalent period a year ago.

Neither Cook nor other company officers can expect to collect any executive bonuses this year. That expectation, together with the earnings drop, left them in a dyspeptic mood, and somebody had to take the blame. Last month President Arthur Larkin, 55, took early retirement under pressure, and Cook, 62, already the chairman and chief executive, became president as well. Says Cook: "We have to do the surgery, get it over with, and get on with the business."

Coffee Grounded. Business has been on several fronts. The General Foods empire is built largely on coffee—one-third of its sales come from it—but Americans have been imbibing less of it. During the 1960s, annual per capita consumption dropped from 15.8 lbs. to 13.4 lbs., as more Americans turned to soft drinks. Maxxim, which is General Foods' freeze-dried coffee, is being outsold by Nestlé's Taster's Choice. Says Cook: "To get on the shelf, Nestlé's had come in with some very attractive inducements"—price deals for grocers, coupons, vigorous advertising campaigns.

One of General Foods' problems is that new products no longer stay unique for very long. Just about any new drink, breakfast food or pudding is almost

TEX COOK WITH WORKER AT TOPEKA PLANT



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Singin' in the rain.

Or heat. Or cold. Those are some of the things the TFM-8100W was made for. Because it's rubber sealed to resist moisture. It can even be knocked down by the wind. Because the heavy-duty, special plastic cabinet is unbreakable.

What's more, this 3-band (FM/AM/VHF weather, 162.55 mc) portable has the newly developed Sony Light Emitting Diode. It's an indicator, right in the tuning needle, that helps you tune the radio by brightening to red when a sta-

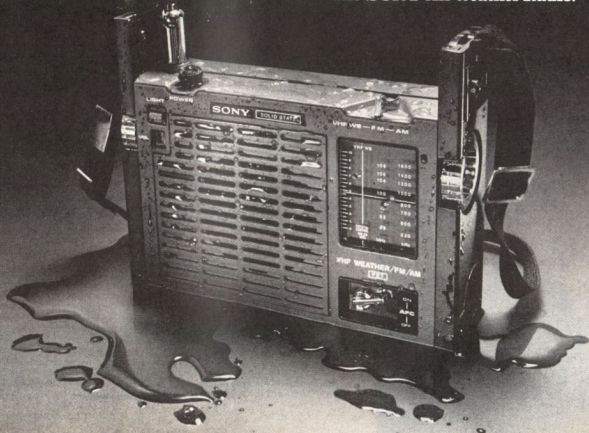
tion is properly tuned.

There's a collapsible antenna. A shoulder strap. And a fine, rich sound (but that's nothing new for us).

So next time you plan to spend a lot of time outdoors, take the Sony all-weather portable along. And you'd better take a raincoat, just in case.

Nothing will happen to the radio. But we wouldn't want you to catch cold.

The SONY All-Weather Radio.



BUSINESS

immediately surrounded by a horde of imitations. For example, General Foods' Toast 'em Pop-Ups were bushwhacked by competitors; the company has recently sold the line to Schulze and Burch Biscuit Co. Cool 'n Creamy frozen puddings were also a disappointment. "We were hoping that Cool 'n Creamy would continue to build, but it hasn't," says Cook.

To bring the company around, Cook has started a major reorganization, giving more power to a few veteran vice presidents and centralizing far-flung product research. He has a salesman's high hopes for several products that are test-marketed: Brim, a decaffeinated coffee; Master Blend, a mix of freeze-dried and spray-dried coffee that would cost less than either Maxim or Taster's Choice; Oven Top, a chicken or turkey dressing that can be cooked without a bird; and Soft-Swirl, a mousse dessert. Meanwhile Cook faces mandatory retirement in less than three years, and the company has to pick a president who will be his heir apparent for the chairmanship. "Obviously," says Cook, "that has to happen—but there is no rush."

PERSONALITIES

Reynolds' Rich Diet

Nearly half a century ago, Quentin Reynolds (no kin to the late writer) was a fruit clerk in an Oakland grocery store, and Safeway Stores was a small California supermarket chain. Since then, both have had more than the normal diet of success. Early last year

the powerfully built and congenial Reynolds, 66, was named chairman of Safeway, which has no mandatory retirement rule for that job. Now, for the first time, Safeway is the world's largest food retailer. Last week the chain reported sales of \$5,511,000,000, just squeaking by A. & P.'s \$5,508,000,000.

Safeway has wisely anticipated consumer trends and been in the right place at the right time. Except for an operation in the Washington, D.C. area, its markets are in the rapidly growing Western states. By comparison, A. & P. has most of its stores in the East, and many are in cramped, deteriorating city neighborhoods. The average A. & P. store rings up \$25,000 in sales a week v. Safeway's \$45,000. Safeway also was one of the first chains to switch to discounting in the mid-'60s. By eliminating trading stamps, games and other frills, Reynolds and his colleagues have been able to trim food prices without narrowing their own profit margins. Now that health foods are popular, many Safeway stores have a special section that sells such delights as organic apple juice and Crunchy Granola.

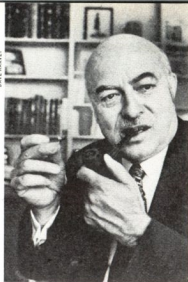
Reynolds intends to accelerate Safeway's expansion abroad. "We plan to double our European outlets by 1975," he says. Already Safeway has 48 supermarkets in Great Britain, 14 in West Germany, 36 in Australia. Reynolds can afford to spend millions on building new stores. In 1972's first quarter, profits were up 25% to \$18 million.

Sproul's Brass and Gold

A retired two-star general in the National Guard, Archibald ("Arch") Sproul, 56, meets plenty of important military men at home and abroad. For example, General Suharto, President of Indonesia. Two months after Suharto won control of the government in 1966, Sproul organized Virginia International Co. (VICO) and went to Indonesia in search of "business opportunities." He met Suharto in 1967, and now he has more ventures than his company can handle alone. He operates a rubber plant and has a lease on 67,000 acres of land—obtained for about a cent an acre—that he plans to use for cattle grazing. He is now negotiating for timber concessions.

Most important, Sproul in 1968 got one of the largest onshore oil concessions that the Indonesian government has ever granted—4.4 million acres. To finance exploration and development, he recruited some well-fixed partners, including an Allied Chemical subsidiary and Universe Tankships, which is owned by Billionaire Daniel K. Ludwig. Three months ago the group struck its first oil at an exploratory well.

VICO retains only a 5% interest in the oil operation, but will share in any future profits. So far there have been no profits. For the fourth year VICO will report another loss next month, between \$500,000 and \$700,000 on rev-



VIRGINIA INTERNATIONAL'S SPROUL
Some well-fixed partners.

enues of roughly \$900,000. However, some investors obviously believe that VICO, still a small company, will make money. Its stock, which is traded over the counter, has jumped from \$3 a share a year ago to \$46 last week.

TEXTILES

Hot Pants, Cold Comfort

Hit by a one-two-three punch of changes in fashions, imports from Japan and general economic uncertainty, European manufacturers of synthetic fibers are suffering. Many of their plants are working at only 70% to 80% of capacity. At that level, the profits of older and smaller plants have been wiped out. Even such giants as Britain's Courtaulds and Imperial Chemical Industries, France's Rhône-Poulenc, Germany's Farbwerke Hoechst and Italy's Montedison have been weakened by financial fibrosis.

The Netherlands' AKZO, for example, is laying off more than 6,000 workers, a draconian measure that has raised questions in the Dutch Parliament. The move has also caused Dutch, German and Belgian labor leaders to plan a joint committee to monitor AKZO's future management decisions. U.S. companies in Europe have been hurt too. "Very few firms, European or American, are making much money out of fibers," says a Monsanto executive. "The European industry has double-knitted itself into a corner."

The Europeans expanded capacity rapidly in the late 1960s, but their new plants started spinning out fibers at precisely the wrong time. U.S. imports of European fibers have sagged, partly because last year's currency realignments raised the dollar price, partly because U.S. firms are producing a larger percentage of the polyester filament used in popular jersey-knit textiles, previously a prime market for the Europeans. Last year also, when the Nixon Admin-

REYNOLDS WITH SAFEWAY SYMBOL



FOR \$7.50 A MONTH, A SMALL BUSINESS CAN LOOK LIKE A BIG ONE.

With a Pitney Bowes postage meter, IBM® uses one. So does Boeing, Pan Am, Benrus, Xerox. And Mike Lawlor.

Mike runs Lawlor Stone Setting Corp. in West Hempstead, Long Island. Often he sends no more than 10 pieces of mail a day. Yet if you ever got a bill from him, you'd never know his office is located in one small corner of his supply yard. Mike Lawlor is one of hundreds of thousands of small businessmen who uses a Pitney Bowes postage meter.

For \$7.50 a month, you too can have a small desk model postage meter like the one shown. With it you can print the exact postage you need when you need it. Turn the dial to the amount required. Insert the envelope. Pull the handle. You've neatly stamped, postmarked and cancelled your envelope in one shot. Even

your own little advertisement is printed at the same time. You're looking big already. No sloppy stamps. No ugly postmarks. And when you need more postage, take your meter down to the post office and they'll fill it up with postage for you.

Just like they do for IBM®.



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Because business travels
at the speed of paper.

For more information write Pitney Bowes, 3213 Pacific Street, Stamford, Conn. 06904, or call one of our 190 offices throughout the U.S. and Canada. Postage Meters, Mailing Equipment, Copiers, Counters and Imprinters, Addresser-Printers, Labeling and Marking Systems.

It'll be
there
by this time
tomorrow.
GREYHOUND IT.



When you've got a little package in a big hurry, send it by Greyhound. It's economical and you can send most any package, up to 100 pounds.

Because anywhere Greyhound buses take people, they take packages. And that's almost everywhere. Canada, too. They usually go out on the next bus. And because Greyhound buses travel all day and night, every day, your package won't get shelved over a weekend. Or a holiday. Or grounded. Most packages arrive within 24 hours.

**Put your
package
on the
bus.**

Greyhound Package Express 

FOR MOVING A HOUSEHOLD, LEAVE THE MOVING TO GREYHOUND VAN LINES.

istration pressured Japan into clamping "voluntary" restraints on textile exports to the U.S., the Japanese redirected much of their sales drive to Europe. In Britain, Japan has won 20% of the market for some kinds of man-made fibers v. 2% in 1970. The Japanese assault coincided with a temporary European economic slowdown that intensified competition and forced manufacturers to cut prices.

Changes in taste have also crimped demand. Hot pants, short skirts and teeny bikinis use fewer fibers than clothing did in the age of the cover-up. Even European affluence can work against the industry. The spread of central heating encourages men to wear lightweight

VERITY—GEMMA



SCANTY FASHION IN PARIS
Affluence hurts.

suits; as bedrooms become warmer, more people sleep in the raw, thus snipping away at the pajama market.

One traditional European response to such troubles has been to form a cartel to restrict production and raise prices, but that way out is no longer easy. Last March the West German Cartel Office fined nine German companies \$15 million on charges of fixing prices and sharing markets. The companies are appealing, but the Common Market's trustbusters are studying the case to see if the nine also should be brought before the European Court of Justice in Luxembourg. The companies may escape further chastisement, but for reasons that can give them only cold comfort. The cartel was terribly inefficient: prices fell, and markets were chaotic instead of orderly.

OIL

Up the Quotas

Oil import quotas have been something of a sacred cow through four successive U.S. Administrations, certainly including Richard Nixon's. Yet last week Nixon signed a proclamation allowing importers to bring in an average 230,000 bbl. more a day for 1972, about 15% more than before. Because there are just over seven months left in the year, the daily increase will really amount to 400,000 bbl.

The President had little choice. For the third straight year, the U.S. faces a fuel and energy shortage. This, combined with heavy overloads on power systems at peak periods of use, may well dim lights and shut down air conditioners on sweltering days this summer. State restrictions on domestic output, which accounts for about three-fourths of the 12 million bbl. of oil that the nation needs each day, have been loosened; Texas wells are now allowed to produce at 100% of theoretical capacity. But the U.S. industry has been unable to meet demand, and even some oilmen have been asking for a boost in the imports. The heaviest pressure has come from independent refiners; unlike those controlled by big, integrated producing companies, they must buy crude wherever they can find it.

On the other side, independent oil drillers grumbled that the quota increase will hold down prices and thus make it hard to get bank financing for further exploration. The increase in quotas, however, was a victory for consumers, who presumably will be spared the price boosts that a shortage would cause. Nixon knew that such boosts would damage his anti-inflation campaign. Still, the quota increase underscores the growing U.S. dependence on overseas oil supplies that could be shut off by wars or political blackmail.

AUTOS

Toward Total Recall

The auto industry has not yet achieved total recall, but on one type of car it is coming close. So far in the current model run, General Motors has built 560,000 Chevrolet Vegas—and called back 480,000 of them. Last week the latest Vega recall, of 350,000 cars, produced something unusual: it was caused by a flaw related to an anti-pollution device.

The device is a solenoid, a part about the size of a flashlight battery that controls the engine's idling speed. It is supposed to ensure that pollutants are properly burned before entering into the exhaust. The solenoid itself did not fail, but in at least 15 cars a small bracket holding it in place did, causing the solenoid to hold the throttle linkage open in a fast-idle position; in five cases the

throttle stuck open so badly that the driver could not slow the car by taking his foot off the gas pedal. Chevrolet is calling back the cars to install a support that will help hold the solenoid, and has a plant working seven days a week to produce the supports. Meanwhile it advises drivers whose throttles may stick open to "turn off the ignition key while firmly applying the brakes, and bring the car to a stop."

MARKETING

On with Exxon

Along with Coke, Jeep, Mace, Band-Aid and Levi's, one of the world's most famous trademarks is Esso. It is used by Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey) in foreign countries and many parts of the U.S., where Esso is the trademark of the domestic operating arm, Humble Oil and Refining Co. Trouble is, legal restrictions following the 1911 breakup of the old Standard Oil trust have barred Humble from brandishing the Esso name in 20 states. In parts of the South

EXXON

and West, the company uses the label Enco, or, in Ohio, Humble.

After decades of grappling with the national advertising and marketing problems that a multiplicity of trademarks entails, Humble officers last week announced final agreement on a compromise. As of next January, the firm will change its name to Exxon Co., and in July its three gasolines will become Exxon, Exxon Plus and Exxon Extra. A \$25 million advertising campaign will herald the name change. Another \$100 million will be spent to switch signs at the company's more than 25,000 stations and impart Exxon to its letterheads, gas pumps and trucks.

The name is the product of more than five years of linguistic analysis, psychological testing of consumers, and test marketing (TIME, Oct. 25). Humble researchers examined thousands of computer-chosen alphabetic combinations and words in 55 languages until they found one that seemed to stick in consumers' minds and had no obscene or embarrassing meanings in any foreign tongue. A major breakthrough was the finding that there is no word with a double X in any language except Maltese. Since the new trademark might eventually be used by Jersey Standard overseas, one of its present labels, Enco, was an early reject. It means "stalled car" in Japanese.

To Our Stockholders

The challenges of 1971 for all business were the most demanding we have faced as a nation, as individuals, and as a corporation in many years: an adverse national economy, slowdowns in many foreign markets, unprecedented currency changes this time affecting the value of the United States dollar itself, domestic wage-price controls, and a general tension in international trading relations.

It was a year in which performance was demanded of all industry, and our contingency plans and forward-looking policies of the past were finally put to the real test of these conditions.

I am pleased to report that our Company has come through those tests with still another year of record sales and revenues, income and earnings per share before extraordinary item. This is the twelfth consecutive year in which such results have been achieved by your management.

In retrospect, it is also interesting that this record has now been maintained through three such test periods of United States national recession—1958-59, 1961-62, and 1970-71.

There is no question in my mind that the reason for our ability to perform under adverse as well as favorable conditions is the result of our

our unique operating philosophy, which has now become widely known in response to the needs of a talented and well-trained management. It is our Company's unique ability to diversify its operations, and to take full advantage of every opportunity, and to maintain tight financial controls and management abilities in looking for and achieving its objectives. Our stockholders have seen the results of 1971.

Worldwide sales and revenues translated into a 14% increase in power and financial performance.

In no other year have we had such a high percentage of our sales and revenues

We keep repeating ourselves.

It's getting to be a familiar story. In 1971, we again achieved new record levels in consolidated sales and revenues, net income and earnings per share.

Worldwide sales and revenues totaled \$7.3 billion, a record high and an increase of 13% over the 1970 sales and revenues of \$6.5 billion as restated to include companies added through pooling of interests.

New high in income

Consolidated income reached a

new peak of \$407 million, before the extraordinary non-recurring charge of \$70 million to cover the uninsured portion of our investment in Chile. Such earnings increased 12% over the restated 1970 net income of \$363 million.

On a per-share basis, after recognition of all common stock equivalents, earnings for the year, before the extraordinary charge,

amounted to \$3.45, compared with restated earnings per share of \$3.14 in 1970, an increase of 10%. The special non-recurring charge was equivalent to 60 cents per share.

Increase in dividends

For the eighth consecutive year, the dividend on the common stock was increased, reaching a new annual rate of \$1.19 per share, within the limitations of the Wage and Price program.

management style, for widely known, give maximum and for spread personnel in carrying on their conditions, and support our multi- from these strengths that have come the abilities to follow a basic policy of in selected fields of above-average op- to do so with increasing performance- exposures. It is, indeed, these manage- that have enabled us through forward- es and reasonable controls to pursue these a global basis—and yet to be able to meet ders' objectives under the adverse condi- e concern with improved productivity was by the Company into specific management. As a consequence, the 2% increase in man- ing 1971 compared very favorably with the ease in sales, revenues, insurance premiums ce income.

In opinion, therefore, it is management again le the difference for us in 1971. In retrospect, now for 12 years been developing this broad- ment strength which is today the most impor- et of our Company.

have over 3,000 selected and trained management wide. Their average age is only 46. But

3

At the close of 1971, ITT's manufacturing backlog had reached a new high of \$2.8 billion, compared with the record level of \$2.3 billion, as restated, for 1970.

Capital expenditures for plant and facilities amounted to \$654 million, marking the third year in which such outlays exceeded \$500 million.

The sales and revenues figures do not include Chilean operations nor the premiums and revenues of the insurance and finance subsidiaries. This would amount to \$1.5 billion for the year, and represents an increase of 15% over the comparable 1970 results.

Annual report available

You will find these and other results detailed in our 1971 annual report.

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BOOKS



SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR & SARTRE

Gray Pastures

THE COMING OF AGE
by SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR
Translated by PATRICK O'BRIAN
585 pages. Putnam, \$10.

Die young or grow old—so far there seems to be no other option. Yet society regards old age as "a kind of shameful secret," complains French Novelist and Treatise Writer Simone de Beauvoir, now in her 65th year. Old people, she argues brilliantly and bitterly, are condemned not only to decrepitude but to poverty and loneliness. In the face of this, they are also asked "to display serenity" so that their juniors will be spared guilt.

With the same tough panache she showed in pioneering Women's Liberation (*The Second Sex*), Miss de Beauvoir now sets out to champion what might be called the Old Age Revolution. Characterizing the old as "the most unfortunate, the worst-used of all," she suggests that trying to take care of them properly would bring about a healthy moral and monetary upheaval in our society.

Seal Meat. In a fascinating spot survey, Miss de Beauvoir reviews how the old have fared in other places, other times. For example, among the Chukches, a Siberian fishing tribe, an elder who outlived his time was given a farewell feast of seal meat and whisky, after which his son or younger brother slipped behind and strangled him with a seal bone.

Yet in other societies, elders might maintain their usefulness by presiding over rites of passage and playing tribal historian.

By and large, Miss de Beauvoir finds that the aged have been honored more in theory than in practice. In the 13th century, Roger Bacon pronounced old age a disease, and few men before or since have disagreed. As for the present, she writes: "It is common knowledge that the condition of old people today is scandalous." Any pretense to patriarchy has been mocked by the urban-industrial dispersal of the family; the attitude of children toward aging parents, she writes, is profound duplicity under a veneer of official respect.

"Mystical Twaddle." Turning subjective in the last half of her book, Miss de Beauvoir forces readers to confront the old age that every man contains within himself, "just as," in Rilke's phrase, "a fruit enfolds its stone." How does old age feel? To Juvenal, it was "a perpetual train of losses." To Jonathan Swift, it meant "a state of permanent anger." Even the master exultant of all, Walt Whitman, was finally brought, in his own words, to "whimpering ennui."

Simone de Beauvoir carefully weighs the few whose testimony treats old age as a period of spiritualization. Among them are senescence's biggest booster, Victor Hugo, who wrote: "Fire is seen in the eyes of the young, but it is light that we see in the old man's eyes." Miss de Beauvoir's judgment of that: "Mystical twaddle." Her heroes are not those who praise decline but the men who fight the body's disintegration, like Tolstoy, who learned to bicycle at 67, and Goethe, who at 64 could ride a horse for six hours without dismounting. Alas, even this "incessant struggle" is doomed.

What of ordinary men put out to pasture at 65? Retirement is the "most loathsome word in the language," she choruses with Hemingway. A man's work is his dilemma: his job is his bondage, but it also gives him a fair share of his identity and keeps him from being a bystander in somebody else's world. Old age does not even, as another myth claims, leave men transcendently free of their appetites, particularly sex. The dirty old man—limited as to opportunity but still in there peeping—is, Miss de Beauvoir concludes, closer to the pathetic truth.

The tragedy, as the author sums it up, is that the aged, though often treated as a separate race, are still fully human, and with encouragement can maintain limited participation in a full life. What is Miss de Beauvoir's program? Nothing so simple as the political solutions of "higher pensions, decent housing, and organized leisure," she warns. "It is the whole system that is at issue." Modern man, she complains, is "atomized from his childhood" on. If in his youth and maturity a man "shared in a collective life, as necessary and as much a matter of course as his own,"

only then would he "never experience banishment" in his old age.

How might this "ideal society" be constructed? The question demands another De Beauvoir book. In the meantime, she is making an eloquent plea for interim mercies. ■ Melvin Maddocks

Reading and Riding

BONECRACK
by DICK FRANCIS
201 pages. Harper & Row, \$5.95.

The often shattering and usually infectious joys of the turf are remarkably difficult to describe or explain, especially to outsiders. One of the very few writers who can do so successfully, appropriately enough, is a 51-year-old ex-jockey named Dick Francis.

Before becoming a writer in 1962, Francis was for some years the best steeplechaser in England, eventually becoming jockey to the Queen Mother. He knows the hedges and hazards, the sites and social slights of British steeplechasing the way a car owner knows the dashboard of his five-year-old sedan. He has used his experiences to produce ten more or less equestrian suspense stories that are also novels of métier and manners. His best books are *Dead Cert* (the first, written in 1962), *Nerve* (1964), *For Kicks* (1965), *Odds Against* (1966) and *Forfeit* (1969). At that level he belongs in the company of writers like John Buchan, who created a highly personal genre and then used it, beyond sheer entertainment, to express a lifetime's accumulation of knowledge and affection.

Francis' plots customarily run briskly over a fast, dry track, and *Bonecrack*, his latest, is no exception. It tells how a member of the European Mafia, with threat of muscle and mayhem, foists his sulky amateur rider-son on a profes-



DICK FRANCIS STEEPLCHASING, 1954
All grit and sticking plaster.



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BOOKS

sional British trainer. He orders that the boy is to ride the stable's best horses in a series of important races. The book is not absolutely first-rate Francis. It does not hold a tight enough rein on incredulity (a rare thing for Francis), and its crisis boils up too fast and fizzles out too bloodily (also a rare thing for Francis). But as always, readers are deftly induced to care about the people as well as the horses, and there is a quota of familiar set-piece scenes that Francis' admirers now happily expect. Among them: "the beating" and what might be called the "ride-for-life."

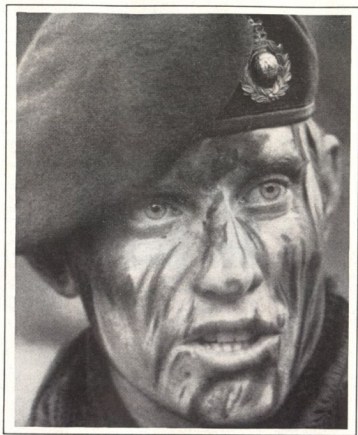
The ride-for-life, of course, is a horsebound version of those great chases across the English countryside in which Buchan heroes, and their heirs from Benthleys to borrowed bicycles. The true Francis classic (*Dead Cert*), pitted the jockey hero, up on a splendid horse named Admiral, against the forces of darkness who chivvied him about in a swarm of radio taxis. By contrast, *Bonecrack*'s ride is modest. The trainer, galloping prodigally cross-country on his best racer, tries to head off the sulky boy-jockey from inadvertent assassination by one of his Mafia father's goons.

Crisp Prose. "I was hurting far more than I would have believed possible," the trainer hero of *Bonecrack* reflects, after being worked over in Chapter 1 by two mysterious men in masks. The tone is typical of Francis. Though his people are regularly, often bizarrely, set upon by musclemen intent on altering the result of a horse race, their dramatically understated encounters somehow do not seem sadistic. Francis' heroes, among other things, have been hung up to freeze in icy tack rooms (*Nerve*) and had a broken hand rebroken with a poker (*Odds Against*). Yet they regularly turn up—all grit and sticking plaster—to ride or retaliate, faster than anyone could have suspected. Their sudden recoveries seem convincing partly because Francis, like all steeplechase jockeys, fell regularly, and knows the pain of riding with assorted broken ribs and collarbones.

Francis has a positive genius for inhabiting the psyche of existential outsiders with small chips on their shoulders and a large resolve never to give in. Most British jockeys are small and underpaid in a flossy, fat social sport where the term "gentleman jockey" had to be coined to designate the rare exception. When that is not enough motivation, Francis throws in a physical handicap, or a grudge against a Victorian parent.

Francis himself stands 5 ft. 8 in.—tall for a jockey—and has pretty much been a winner ever since he quit school at 15 to ride. He has been a sports columnist, a horse trainer and a flyer, and he now owns a plane-rental service. All these experiences have been tidily folded into his crisp prose.

There is little sign that Francis has



*Sometimes you don't want a picture to move.
Sometimes you want it to stand still,
so you can find out how you feel about it.*

This is one of those pictures. You do "feel about it." It has a lot to tell you about the whole sorry mess that has British soldiers killing Irishmen and Irishmen killing British soldiers. The longer you look at this face, the closer Ulster comes to you as a place where real people are suffering real frustrations that you understand very well.

Corporal Bell of the Royal Marines is much like a thousand other young men you know...neither better, nor worse, nor even more eloquent. But he had some things to say in LIFE that you won't forget.

"The Irish don't want us here," he told us. "I'd probably feel the same way in my own town, if every time I stepped out of the house there was one of us blokes ready to frisk me...Some of the things we do, like running around town crouching in doorways with our faces blacked while ordinary people are strolling home from

the movies, we look on as pretty ridiculous."

Is he really all that tolerant? All that detached, as he goes about his dreary, dangerous, daily job? Not quite. Later, he talked about himself. "You take a lot of stoning at the beginning," he said. "But at the end you're so pent up you just feel like jumping out and clobbering them."

This is one picture and one story from one recent issue of LIFE. There are many more pictures and many more stories every week that do the same thing to you...that do the same thing for you. They shake you out of yourself for a while into somebody else's skin. That's a good thing to have happen to you in a world that so often zooms in on problems and events and ideas and things — and so often forgets about people.

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BOOKS

exhausted his subject. But if he ever opens a detective agency or joins the British intelligence service, some of the superleuths of literature will have to tend to their laurels. ■ Timothy Foote

Old Ez

THE POUND ERA

by HUGH KENNER

606 pages. University of California. \$14.95.

The title itself seems presumptuous. Can Kenner really be claiming that the era of such giants as Eliot, Joyce, Lawrence and Yeats belongs to Ezra Pound? He can. He does. And he may even be right. At the back of every trend and tendency that mattered, anyway, he manages to find old Ez, puffing and prestidigitating—language theories, borrowings from Greek, Italian and Provençal, imagism, myth and verses from the Chinese. Of course some of the connections are weak, and Kenner is not above a bit of crankery on his own. He often wears his learning like a lead flak jacket and, like Pound, can be pithy to the point of incomprehensibility. But he has a contagious gusto and a splendid ear: the fragments of Pound's poetry that litter his pages are altogether dazzling and rich, "an anthology of rightnesses." Kenner knows some good stories too. He has one small masterpiece about T.S. Eliot, during an impossibly British lunch, majestically bringing his famous critical faculties to bear upon a cheese. ■ Charles Elliott

Dreams of Plenty

SOCIALISM

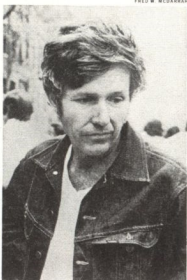
by MICHAEL HARRINGTON

436 pages. Saturday Review Press. \$12.50.

Michael Harrington—social democrat, pacifist, intellectual, born Roman Catholic but out of practice—has the scrubbed, care-lined radiance of a man who in other circumstances might well have been a worker-priest, American style. Instead, he is a revolutionary pamphleteer and chairman of the Socialist Party of the U.S. Yet poverty is his vow and his ideological passion.

Out of his direct experience as a welfare worker in St. Louis and New York, Harrington in 1962 wrote *The Other America*. A sermon about the extent of poverty in the U.S., the book was credited with inspiring the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations' poverty program. Now Harrington has lifted his gaze to the perspectives of history. In *Socialism*, his faith shines through. His moral sensibility is right on. Yet in detail and hard argument, his book falters.

The U.S., Harrington writes, is almost "the only country on the face of the globe where 'socialism' is a bad word." As a correction he reviews the history of socialism, concentrating on the mid-19th century in Europe and the



MICHAEL HARRINGTON

Karl Marx in Eden.

mid-20th century in the U.S. Harrington's history is revisionist, intended to demonstrate first that Marx and Engels were not authoritarian elitists but popular democrats, and second that the Democratic Party and American labor even now have within them a democratic-socialist movement. Harrington's phrases repeatedly betray the difficulties of such a task: "the unknown Karl Marx" or "the American social democracy, our invisible mass movement."

It has long been fashionable to distinguish the young Marx—compassionate and angry in his sociology and undeniably idealistic in his belief in mass worker democracy—from the mature author of *Das Kapital*. Harrington, by contrast, finds the early convictions undiminished in fervor throughout Marx's writings and actions, except for a period at the time of the revolutions of 1848 and *The Communist Manifesto*. He is a surprisingly effective advocate even when he must argue such an essential but difficult point as that Marx's dictatorship of the proletariat "does not mean dictatorship but the fulfillment of democracy."

As for the socialist impulse in the U.S., Harrington points out that it was vigorous though often eccentric until World War I, and then trickled away. But if one listens carefully enough, he says, socialism is audible as an underground torrent. By the '30s, official Socialists as well as their Communist opponents were noisy but ineffectual and faction-ridden. Certainly Harrington is right to underline once more that the '30s were far more important for the growing power of labor unions within the Democratic Party. Union leaders have from time to time made demands on the welfare state much more audacious than anyone who has not carefully read the party platforms may realize. Still, to generalize from this that

the working class forms the basis of a conscious and cohesive mass left-wing movement, comparable to the British Labor Party, is well beyond the proofs Harrington is able to muster.

Through the long argument Harrington's greatest strength is also his greatest weakness: that shining sense of moral purpose. Even when outlining the welfare reforms and the redistribution of wealth that he believes are needed forthwith, he never lets go of his knowledge that socialism is ultimately concerned with the transformation of the relations of men to themselves and their fellows, and that this transformation will never be brought about simply by radical equalization of incomes and democratization of social controls. Socialism, Harrington learned from Marx, is not possible until there is true abundance for everyone, everywhere—until "the sentence decreed in the Garden of Eden will have been served."

Whether or not the original nature of man would actually be transformed in Paradise appears unlikely to be tested. Depressing figures intervene, despite Harrington's attempts to explain them away. The arithmetical average of the present wealth of nations evenly distributed would bring everyone to something like the living standard of Spain or Southern Italy today. Future demands upon resources are likely to increase geometrically. The mathematics of universal abundance is still Malthusian; to believe that the distribution of scarcity—which is to say economics itself—can be wished or willed away is a failure to know that numbers, when multiplied together, are more than abstractions. ■ Horace Judson

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—*The Word*, Wallace (1 last week)
- 2—*The Winds of War*, Wouk (2)
- 3—*Captains and the Kings*, Caldwell (6)
- 4—*My Name Is Asher Lev*, Potok
- 5—*The Exorcist*, Blatty (5)
- 6—*The Blue Knight*, Wambaugh (3)
- 7—*The Friends of Eddie Coyle*, Higgins (7)
- 8—*I'll Harrowhome*, Browne (10)
- 9—*The Assassins*, Kazan (9)
- 10—*Wheels*, Hailey (8)

NONFICTION

- 1—*The Game of the Foxes*, Farago (1)
- 2—*The Boys of Summer*, Kahn (3)
- 3—*Report from Engine Co. 82*, Smith
- 4—*Open Marriage*, Nana and George O'Neill (2)
- 5—*The Truth About Weight Control*, Dr. Neil Salomon with Sally Sheppard (6)
- 6—*The Washington Pay-Off*, Winter-Barger
- 7—*Bring Me a Unicorn*, Lindbergh (9)
- 8—*Nutrition & Your Mind*, Watson
- 9—*The Savage God*, Alvarez (8)
- 10—*Eleanor and Franklin*, Lash (10)

End of Innocence

MY UNCLE ANTOINE

Directed by CLAUDE JUTRA

Screenplay by CLEMENT PERRON

Worn by repetition, the story of how a boy becomes a man can still be a revelation. So it is in *My Uncle Antoine*, an earthy, substantial Canadian movie about a few days in the life of a lad called Benoit. The setting is contemporary—a small mining town in Quebec—but there is an appropriate aura of timelessness about it. Director Claude Jutra (*Take It All*) approaches the excellent Clement Perron screenplay with



NEPHEW BENOIT & UNCLE ANTOINE
Beginning a long journey.

such intuition and insight that he manages to make Benoit's initiation at once universal and unique.

Benoit's Uncle Antoine runs the general store in Black Lake, a perfect place for a growing boy to get his first intimations of adulthood. The store, as Jutra and Perron present it, is a microcosm, a clearing place for the stuff of life, from wedding veils to coffins.

Uncle Antoine mostly drinks and gossips with his cronies while his wife and his clerk attend to the business. It is the Christmas season, Benoit conducts a flirtation with a young salesgirl, and there is promise of festivity. Villagers gather in front of the store to watch the display window being ceremonially unveiled as if it held half the world's treasure. It seems, at first, an innocent time.

Then the eldest son of a mineworker dies suddenly on a farm far from the village. Benoit and his uncle must make the long trip by sleigh to bring the boy's

body back to town. Antoine falls into a drunken stupor on the journey homeward, and the unguarded coffin slides into the snow from the back of the sleigh. Benoit, unable to rouse his uncle, rides to Black Lake for help and finds his aunt enjoying her own Christmas party in bed with the clerk.

Director Jutra's attention wavers for a while between Benoit and the family of the deceased boy, and as a consequence the film becomes slightly unraveled before it reaches its climax. The movie is also overrich in incidents, since Jutra and Perron are too anxious to cram everything in. There is an excess of vivid but extraneous vignettes of village life, like the Christmas sleigh ride of the dour mineowner distributing stockings full of cheap candy to the poor children along the main street. Yet in spite of its unfixed perspective, *My Uncle Antoine* is indelible, the best chronicle of a coming of age since Truffaut's *The 400 Blows*. ■ Jay Cocks

An X Cartoon

Fritz the Cat

Written and directed by RALPH BAKSHI

Robert Crumb is a kind of American Hogarth, a moralist with a blown mind. The gallery he has created in underground comic books—from the gnostic sage Mr. Natural, the Priapus of the Midwest, through such creatures as Angelfood McSpade to that morsel of 13-year-old jailbait, Honeybunch Kaminski—constitutes Head City's sharpest and funniest view of American life. And perhaps the most pornographic. His fantasy unchecked by the strictures of mass circulation, Crumb gave back to cartooning the scatological vigor and erotic exuberance it had during the Regency, and then some.

The kind of animated cartoon Ralph Bakshi has made of Crumb's world is something else again. Fritz, the hero, is what the average campus revolutionary was in the late '60s—a fool tabby, living off vicarious experience, with his head full of windy sub-Marcusian rhetoric and only one ambition: to swive. Fritz gets involved in a hilarious orgy in a Village bathtub, is nearly busted by two cops, drawn inevitably as pigs, takes off to Harlem after an interminable chase through a synagogue, and is turned on to grass. Stoned, he makes inadequate love to a bimply crow named Big Bertha; having thus grasped the black experience, he becomes a revolutionary. "My soul is tortured and tormented by this racial crisis," he informs Duke, another crow he meets in a Harlem bar, to which Duke properly replies, "No sheeeyut."

It is the last funny line in a movie that still has a long time to run. Fritz harangues the crows and implausibly

starts a street riot; he goes on the lam again, cross-country, and becomes involved with a vaguely realized bunch of bikers and Mansonites with Weatherman reflexes who take him to blow up a power station—in the course of which Fritz is blown up himself.

Bakshi's animation is good, and the visuals—which marvelously capture the grainy, lowering look of the Manhattan streetscape—are raucous, ingenious and convincing. But *Fritz the Cat* is, for a cartoon, exasperatingly slow: Bakshi's sense of pace and editing is snail-like, and the dialogue mostly naive and muffled. Moreover, the characters are so ill-defined that Fritz's relation to them becomes incomprehensible—a sad defect for a movie that should have been as crisp and schematic as a puppet show. The voice-over acting constantly



Fritz the Revolutionary Tabby
Full of windy rhetoric.

hovers just below the threshold of competence.

To greet *Fritz* as a masterpiece of satire, or even as a significant voice from the counterculture, is wishful thinking: Bakshi seems to have been as unsure of his targets as Fritz himself. The '60s, in all their wide-open absurdities, still demand a more pointed epitaph than this. It will come as no surprise to head comic fans to learn that, on seeing what became of Fritz in the film, Crumb asked to have his name removed from all publicity. Meanwhile, the movie, largely because of Fritz's bathtub scene, got an X rating, something of a coup for the animated cartoon, the last bastion of pudency. ■ Robert Hughes

*Disney characters like Snow White and Minnie Mouse, however, have been appearing in such obscene poses on posters and T-shirts that Federal Judge William Bauer recently enjoined three Chicago firms from selling these novelties. They "destroy the worldwide image of innocent delightfulness of Walt Disney cartoon characters," declared the judge.

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**THE WEEKEND
OF MAY 20/21
ON THE
CBS RADIO
NETWORK** 

Where the listeners are

Fighting Breast Cancer

Perhaps no diagnosis is more feared by women than breast cancer. Medicine's efforts to cut the death rate from breast cancer have been far less successful than with other malignancies to which women are vulnerable. This year alone, 71,000 American women will learn that they have breast cancer, and some 30,000 will die of it. At least 1,000 a week are undergoing surgery. The operation usually involves radical mastectomy, a disfiguring procedure that includes removal of the breast and surrounding tissue. Though surgery can save their lives, many women feel that the price is their femininity. Doctors report a common reaction: "I feel like half a woman."

Medical science is a long way from keeping all these women whole, but reports at two medical meetings last week indicate progress in two important aspects of breast cancer: controlling recurrence and providing an alternative to radical mastectomy in certain cases. Meanwhile doctors are also working on ways to reduce the psychic misery of those who must undergo full-scale surgery.

Five Successes. The most dramatic announcement, made at a session sponsored by the National Cancer Institute at Gatlinburg, Tenn., concerned immunotherapy, or use of the body's own defense mechanisms to protect itself against cancer. Dr. Edmund Klein of Roswell Park Memorial Institute in Buffalo, N.Y., who has already had some success treating skin cancer, tried a variation of the treatment on five women. The patients had all undergone breast surgery already and were suffering recurrences of cancer. Klein injected a serum containing tuberculin—a substance that rouses the body to counterattack—directly into the women's cancerous lesions. Then, as the cancers showed signs of healing, he switched from the painful shots to regular applications of a tuberculin skin cream. Most people at some time in their lives have had tuberculosis antibodies naturally activated in their system, and tuberculin awoke the women's immunological "memories," triggering the production of more antibodies. The treatment induced an immune response to cancer as well.

Though much study and testing remain to be done before immunotherapy can become an anticancer weapon, Klein's results indicate that the effort is likely to prove worthwhile. All five of the women are still alive two years after treatment began and have shown improvement in varying degrees.

More controversial was the report of Dr. M. Vera Peters, of Toronto's Princess Margaret Rose Hospital, of simpler surgery for early breast cancer.

Dr. Peters told a meeting at the Indiana School of Medicine that doctors should attempt the most conservative procedures possible "in order to preserve the patient's morale." Thus, for certain of her patients in whom early diagnosis has been made, she favors "lumpectomy," the removal of the cancer alone rather than the entire breast. She claims that the operation, which is followed by radiation therapy, offers selected patients essentially the same survival rate as radical mastectomy.

Other doctors doubt the long-term results of this method. Last week Dr. Peters offered figures that tend to support her case. Of 81 women who had radical mastectomies between 1955 and



PATIENT AFTER PLASTIC SURGERY

New techniques to minimize mastectomy's psychic misery.

1965, 70.4% were alive five years after the operations. Peters paired each of these patients by age and other factors with 81 women who had only lumpectomies, then compared the two groups' survival rates. There were only slight differences each year, and after five years, 71.6% of the lumpectomy patients were still alive.

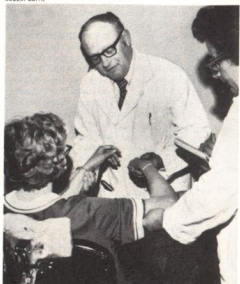
Many surgeons still question Dr. Peters' procedure and take issue with women's magazine articles that advocate it as an alternative. "Deciding about treatments for breast cancer shouldn't be like choosing a brand of toothpaste," says Dr. Guy Robbins, acting chief of the breast service at New York's Memorial Hospital for Cancer and Allied Diseases. Dr. Robbins cautions that lumpectomy may fail to locate or remove all the cells and he maintains that only radical mastectomy offers the physician and the patient a semblance of certainty that all malignancy

has been removed. He also warns that half of all lumpectomy patients eventually have local recurrences of cancer and says that many end up paying for their respite with a subsequent—and more serious—operation.

Cosmetic Job. But Robbins acknowledges that male doctors are often insensitive to women's psychological problems. He and his colleagues support efforts to ease the shock of breast removal. Many doctors are spending more time acquainting their patients with the necessity for radical surgery. Reach for Recovery, a program run by former mastectomy patients, is helping women through the convalescent period with exercise drills and counseling.

Nothing has done more to relieve postoperative depression than development of techniques for reconstructing the breast after surgery. Dr. Reuven

ROBERT SMITH



IMMUNOTHERAPIST KLEIN WITH PATIENT

Snyderman, a plastic surgeon at Memorial, has found that explaining the possibilities of reconstruction has helped many women to accept mastectomy calmly. The cosmetic job involves implantation of a silicon form and substantial surgery to restore the breast to a near-normal contour. But according to Snyderman, most women are so pleased by the initial implant, which makes the breast look normal under clothing, that they do not even bother with the later stages necessary to complete the process.

Back to Basics

South of the border, it is *turista* or "the Aztec two-step." In Asia, visitors from the West call it "Delhi belly." By any name, traveler's diarrhea, a debilitating digestive upset caused by a change in the system's bacterial population, is a synonym for misery that can

MEDICINE

spoil a trip and jeopardize the victim's health. The standard prophylactic for many years has been Entero-Vioform, a drug so frequently used that it is the traveler's best friend. That fond relationship has come under challenge by the American Medical Association. The A.M.A. Journal has not only questioned Entero-Vioform's effectiveness, but cautions that its heavy use may lead to complications that make "Montezuma's revenge" seem mild by comparison.

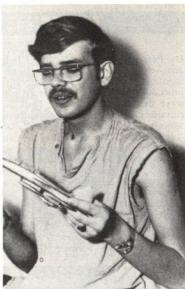
The organization bases its warning on two factors. One is a lack of proof that Entero-Vioform actually prevents traveler's diarrhea. The other is a growing suspicion that the drug (iodochlorhydroquin) is linked with a condition called subacute myelo-optic neuropathy (SMON), a nerve condition that can cause crippling and blindness. Entero-Vioform has been implicated in some of the 10,000 cases of SMON in Japan, where the drug used to be sold over the counter, while instances of the ailment have been reported in Sweden, Australia and the U.S. among patients who have taken it to prevent diarrhea.

Japanese officials have now banned Entero-Vioform outright, while Australia has eliminated over-the-counter sales. The U.S. Food and Drug Administration considers Entero-Vioform safe if used as directed and plans no action against the drug, which is sold in this country by prescription only.

The A.M.A. believes caution is essential. It recommends that physicians not prescribe Entero-Vioform prophylactically, but offer alternative advice: when in doubt, don't drink the water; when in distress, try paregoric.

Capsules

► Though Air Force Sergeant Tor Olson, 22, might be called a washout of sorts, he is anything but unhappy about that appellation. In March, the 145-lb. Olson was comatose and near death from liver failure brought on by hepatitis. Today he is not only alive but well, thanks to the first successful flushing, or "total body washout," of a patient's circulatory system. Colonel Gerald Klebanoff of Wilford Hall Air Force Medical Center in San Antonio, Texas, attempted the pioneering procedure after Olson had been in a coma for three days and showed no indications of reviving. Klebanoff and his team hooked the unconscious airman to a conventional heart-lung machine that pumped the toxic blood from his body. In place of the blood they introduced a clear salt solution that cooled Olson's body to 85°. This reduced the brain's need for oxygen and hence guarded against damage while the treatment progressed. The solution also flushed Olson's vital organs of disease-produced toxins. Finally the salt solution was replaced by fresh blood from carefully matched donors. Olson, who was totally without blood for about ten minutes, awoke almost immediately after the procedure, and has



OLSON AFTER OPERATION
Glad to be a washout.

since shown no evidence of brain impairment. Doctors following his progress report that his body is gradually replacing the donor blood with its own, and that his liver has begun to regenerate itself.

► Insect stings are a common warm-weather hazard. Except in rare cases of serious shock, treatment is often omitted. But a cheap and effective antidote is readily available in the kitchen, according to a letter in the A.M.A. Journal by Dr. Harry Arnold Jr., a Honolulu dermatologist. His prescription: a quarter-teaspoon of meat tenderizer dissolved in a teaspoon or two of water and rubbed into the skin around the bite. Meat tenderizer, Arnold explains, is rich in papain, a protein-dissolving enzyme, which breaks down the venom. Arnold says that a dose of meat tenderizer will stop the pain of most insect stings in seconds if applied immediately.

► Medicine and marriage do not mix, says the prevailing shibboleth. Doctors are so dedicated to their work, or exposed to so many tempting romantic opportunities, that they have more divorces than members of other professions. Not so, say Dr. Irving Rosow of the Langley Porter Institute and K. Daniel Rose, a senior medical student at the University of California. The pair recently analyzed all divorce, separate maintenance and annulment actions filed in California during a six-month period. Their report in *California Medicine* shows that doctors' marriages are, if anything, more stable than those of many other professionals. Authors, the pair found, had the highest problem rate, followed by social scientists, architects and college faculty members. Physicians ranked eleventh among the twelve professional categories considered (the most steadfast were natural scientists).

MILESTONES

Born. To Zoe Caldwell, 38, Australian actress and two-time winner of Broadway's Tony Award (for *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* and *Slapstick* Tragedy), and Robert Whitehead, 56, Broadway producer (*Jean Brodie*, *Bus Stop*): their second child, a son; in Manhattan. Name: Charles Albert.

Died. Donald N. Pritzker, 39, president of Hyatt Corp., who, with his two brothers, father and uncle, built a small family law firm into a half-billion-dollar conglomerate of hotel, lumber, farm machinery, banking and mining interests; of a heart attack suffered while playing tennis; in Oahu, Hawaii.

Died. Frank Tashlin, 59, Hollywood director who built his career on the sight gag and slapstick chase; of a heart attack; in Beverly Hills, Calif. Originally a cartoon animator, Tashlin graduated to comedy writing in the 1930s and '40s, and to directing in the '50s (*The Glass Bottom Boat*, *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?*).

Died. Wheelock H. Bingham, 64, president of Macy's department-store chain for a decade (1956-66), and an aggressive spokesman for the retailing field; of an apparent heart attack; in Southbury, Conn.

Died. Alvin Goldstein Sr., 70, newspaper reporter who shared a Pulitzer Prize with James Mulroy for their help in solving the Leopold-Loeb murder case; in San Rafael, Calif. Goldstein and Mulroy were cub reporters on the Chicago *Daily News* in 1924 when 14-year-old Bobby Franks was kidnapped. Keeping one step ahead of police investigators, Goldstein identified a newly discovered body as that of Bobby in time to prevent a \$10,000 ransom payment, then succeeded in tracing the ransom note back to Law Student Nathan Leopold's typewriter. Goldstein spent the next 40 years as a correspondent for the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

Died. George W. Trendle, 87, creator of *The Lone Ranger* radio serial; of a heart attack; in Grosse Pointe, Mich. A vaudeville-house owner who switched to radio at the start of the Depression, Trendle sought to turn his struggling Detroit station into a money-maker with a program that would be "good, clean and long-lived." Hence his Masked Rider of the Plains didn't smoke, swear, drink, fool with women or even kill the bad guys; he did endure and make a fortune for Trendle. *The Lone Ranger* lasted 20 first-run years on radio and twelve on television, and the show's popularity inspired Trendle to create two more true-blue heroes: *The Green Hornet* and *Sergeant Preston of the Yukon*.



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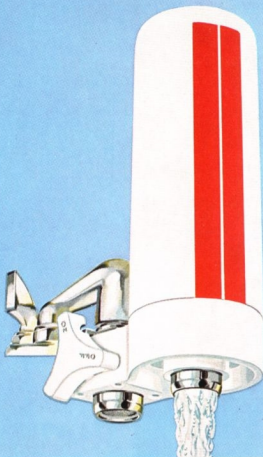
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